

COMPANY C.

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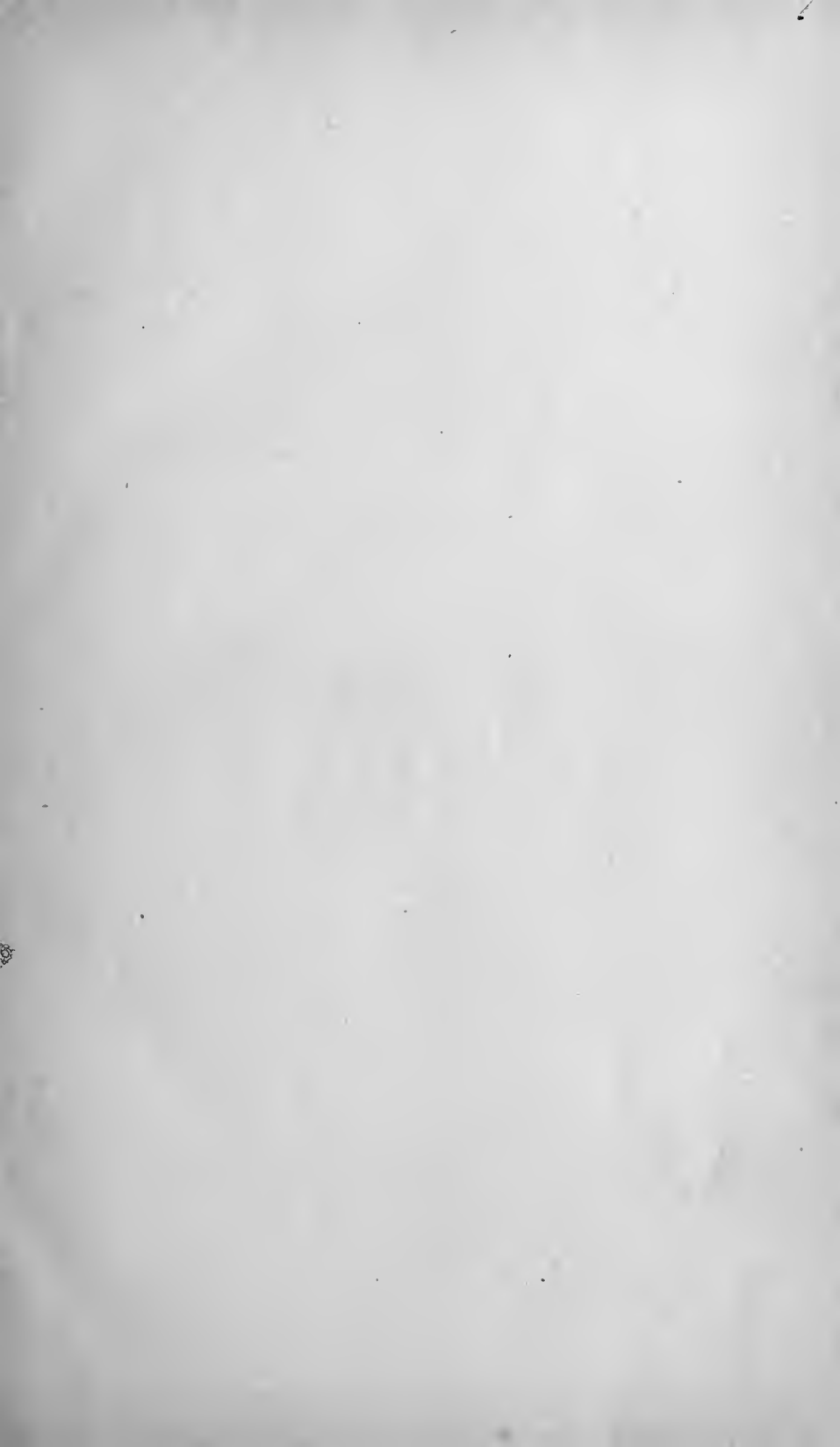




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# HISTORY AND CAMP LIFE

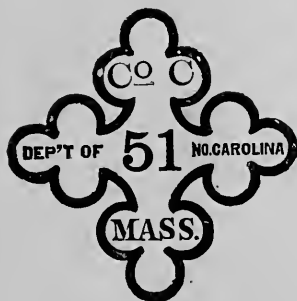
OF

COMPANY C,

FIFTY-FIRST REGIMENT, MASSACHUSETTS  
VOLUNTEER MILITIA,

1862-1863.

BY C. F. PIERCE.



WORCESTER :  
PRINTED BY CHARLES HAMILTON,  
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## INTRODUCTION.

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IN presenting this book to the kind consideration of the friends of Company C, it should be said that it was not the intention to write any extended history of the company, but to give in abstract its experiences, its roster, the military record of each comrade, copies of orders and reports from our colonel, and extracts of letters and diaries from different members of the company. These extracts were written at the time the events occurred and present in a vivid way how army life appeared at the time when the comrades were "army boys," not only in name but in age. There are different accounts of the same event, but it will be noticed that while they agree in facts they do not present the same word-pictures. They give the life as it actually was to the company and not tinged by the after-thought of mature years nor by any social or military position which any may have reached afterwards.

It is not thought that the company had any very exciting adventures, but its members were always ambitious to do their best, ready and willing to obey orders. A soldier when mustered into the service of the United States could not always march to that line of action which he had traced out, whether on the bayous of the Mississippi, or the malarial swamps of the Neuse or James; if he but did his duty in that station in which he was placed, he should not be judged for not making as lasting an impress on the pages of history as those comrades who were



so fortunate as to be in some of the decisive battles which were turns of the scroll in our Nation's history and glory.

Our eleven months' service was a good preparatory school for many who served in other regiments. Leaving out those who died, or were transferred or discharged for disability or wounds, and those promoted from the company to the rank of sergeant-major and commissary-sergeant for the regiment, the number in the company was eighty-three. Of these thirty-one re-enlisted and served their country afterwards in the war of the rebellion as follows: one as colonel, three as captains, two as first lieutenants, two as second lieutenants, ten as sergeants, seven as corporals, six as privates; and these participated in battles and skirmishes in all the States from Virginia to Florida, as the roster shows in detail.

The portraits in this book are as those in the Souvenir, reproduced from copies made in 1862.

C. F. PIERCE.

WORCESTER, *December*, 1886.

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## B



# HISTORY.









LIEUT.-COL. J. M. STUDLEY.



MAJ. E. A. HARKNESS.



COL. A. B. R. SPRAGUE.



ADJ'T J. STEWART BROWN.



Q. M. BENJAMIN D. DWINNELL.

# HISTORY.

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COMPANY C, Fifty-first Massachusetts Infantry, was organized under the call of August 4, 1862, of President LINCOLN for three hundred thousand enrolled militia to serve for the period of nine months.

On August 16, 1862, the following advertisement appeared in the *Worcester Daily Spy* :—

## A NEW REGIMENT FOR NINE MONTHS' SERVICE.

*To the Young Men of Worcester and Vicinity.*

“Time is of the utmost importance in the organization.” *Secretary Stanton.*

“The utmost despatch is required.” *Gov. Andrew.*

The undersigned has received enlistment papers for a company for nine months' service, to form part of a new Worcester County regiment. The quota of this city, under the new call, will be nearly four hundred, and there is not an hour to lose.

There are hundreds of young men in this city who had plausible reasons for not giving three years to their country, but who have no reasonable excuse for not giving nine months.

Nine months is not much to offer, to save the very existence of the institutions which have reared you.

What will you say to your children's children when they say to you, “A great contest was waged between Law and Disorder, Freedom and Slavery, and you were not there?”

Criticism is idle without action. If we expect the government to make war in earnest, we must be in earnest ourselves.

It is not proposed that this company should wait for the leisure of undecided men.

Have not sixteen months of war given time enough for deliberation?

If you are going, go now.

It is designed that this company should be filled, organized, and *in camp*, while the doubters are making up their minds.

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.

*Worcester, Aug. 16, 1862.*

A meeting of those interested in the new company will be held at Sons of Temperance Hall, Foster Street, this (Saturday) Evening at 8 o'clock.

State aid is extended to the families of nine months' volunteers, but not to drafted men.

In response to this inspiring call there was a rally at Sons of Temperance Hall on Foster Street on the night mentioned, and the meeting was organized with the appointment of His Honor Mayor P. Emory Aldrich as chairman and Mr. John S. Baldwin as secretary. Mr. T. W. Higginson made a spirited and earnest speech and was followed by Rev. Merrill Richardson. After the meeting, the settees were removed and those who had signed the enrollment paper were drilled by Mr. T. W. Higginson.

August 19, twenty-two had joined and this call appeared in the papers:—

#### THE NEW NINE-MONTHS' COMPANY.

☛The members of this Company are notified to meet, for drill, this evening at 8½ o'clock, at the new Hall of the Sons of Temperance, on Foster Street.

Also at 8 P. M. on every successive evening of this week.

The company roll may be found, during each day, at Edward Mellen, Jr.'s Bookstore, 239 Main Street. Persons desiring to join the company are cordially invited to do so, at either place.

T. W. HIGGINSON.

August 20, still another invitation to enlist, in these words:—

#### THE NEW NINE-MONTHS' COMPANY.

The Headquarters and Recruiting Office of this company will be henceforward at City Hall.

☛Drill every evening at 8 o'clock.

All who desire to join the company are invited to attend.

T. W. HIGGINSON.

August 23 the company numbered forty and on the 25th forty-eight men. Forenoons and afternoons the company drilled in the City Hall, and on August 28 they had a street drill, this being their first appearance in public.

August 30 the company had considerably more than its full number and the remainder formed the nucleus of company F, Fifty-first Mass. Infantry, which was being organized at the City Hall under authority issued to Mr. John S. Baldwin. Both companies drilled together and used the hall in common.

Company C was the first company in this county, under the call of August 4, to be recruited to its full number, and was

organized August 30 according to instructions from the Adjutant-General. His Honor Mayor Aldrich presided and the following officers were chosen: Captain, T. W. Higginson; First Lieutenant, John B. Goodell; Second Lieutenant, Luther H. Bigelow. After the officers had signified their acceptance of the honors conferred upon each and enthusiastic speeches were made, the company had a street parade in honor of the event. September 5 the officers received their commissions. The company was drilling every day, either in the hall or on the street, up to September 15, when this order appeared:—

#### COMPANY MEETING.

The members of the military company under command of the undersigned, are notified to meet at their headquarters, City Hall, at 9 A. M. this day, for the purpose of going into Barracks.

T. W. HIGGINSON.

Companies C, E, F and G marched down in the forenoon to the old machine shop on the Norwich railroad, so called up to this time, but now known as Camp John E. Wool. The next day the entire company was on guard, this being our first duty for the United States—Colonel George H. Ward, of the Fifteenth Mass. Infantry, as Commandant. On September 23 a pleasing incident occurred at the camp in the presentation of a sword, sash and belt to Captain T. W. Higginson and Lieutenants John B. Goodell and Luther H. Bigelow. The presentation speech was made by Hon. W. W. Rice in behalf of Mr. Calvin Foster and other friends of the officers. Captain Higginson acknowledged the gifts in earnest and fitting words, and hearty cheers were given by the company to the donors, to the other companies, and then to all friends of the regiment in order that no one should be disappointed or neglected.

September 25 the company was mustered into the service of the United States by Lieutenant M. Elder of the Eleventh U. S. Infantry.

As the company had had a good example set before them they tried to show their appreciation of their commissioned officers on October 1, by presenting each with a handsome haversack, canteen, blanket strap and shoulder straps, and a

sword and sash to George E. Dunlap, the First Sergeant of the company. The presentation was made by Sergeant James S. Rogers.

The daily duties at the camp were as follows :—

Roll Call . . . . .	5 A. M.
Company Drill . . . . .	6 to 7.
Breakfast . . . . .	7.15.
Guard Mounting . . . . .	8.30.
Company Drill . . . . .	10 to 11.30.
Dinner . . . . .	12 M.
Company Drill . . . . .	2 to 3.30 P. M.
Company Drill . . . . .	5 to 6.
Supper . . . . .	7.
Tattoo . . . . .	9.

If we were in camp drilling to better fit us for our duties South, we were not forgotten by our friends, for a number of times we were invited as a company to entertainments and dinners, among which two should have special mention. October 4, in the afternoon the company, by invitation of the friends of comrade George D. Rice, went to Auburn, where we were agreeably surprised when we arrived to find a long table spread in a large open lot loaded with the good things that the army boys would appreciate after a long march. After speaking by the Auburn friends and the Captain we fell in for rations and did Company C credit as for willingness to obey orders. November 19 the lady friends invited the company to a dinner in the City Hall. After prayer by Rev. Merrill Richardson the Captain ordered the company to help themselves to the splendid dinner before them. Judge Henry Chapin, Rev. Messrs. Richardson and Dadmun made enthusiastic speeches; during the time the glee club, composed of four members of the company, enlivened the occasion by the singing of war songs. This occasion was the opposite of our experience exactly four weeks later on the Goldsboro march.

On October 16 Lieutenant-Colonel A. B. R. Sprague, of the Twenty-fifth Mass. Infantry, was elected colonel and accepted on the sixth day of November, and assumed command on November 12. Captain John M. Studley, of the Fifteenth



Mass. Infantry, was elected Lieutenant-Colonel. Adjutant E. A. Harkness, of the Twenty-fifth Mass. Infantry, was elected Major.

October 17 the regiment had its first dress parade.

November 19 Captain Higginson took leave of his company, having been promoted to the colonelcy of the First South Carolina Volunteers at Port Royal, South Carolina.

November 24, in the afternoon, the colors were presented to the regiment in a beautiful and novel manner. They were given just before the regimental inspection, the different companies being drawn up together in front of the stand. The stand itself was covered with a large United States flag, and at the appointed hour five little girls came forward, accompanied by a young lad, bearing the splendid banner which the ladies of Worcester had prepared. These young girls and boy all had friends in the regiment, one being daughter of the Colonel and another daughter of the Lieutenant-Colonel. The Color-Sergeant, J. B. Lamb, of Company D, advanced to take the colors and as he received them into his hands, Colonel Sprague addressed the regiment in fitting words and then called for cheers for the flag and for the ladies who had presented it. The flag was a handsome one and upon it were these words: "51st Regiment Massachusetts Volunteers." Upon a silver plate on the flag staff was the inscription: "Presented to the 51st Regiment, Massachusetts Volunteers, by the ladies of Worcester County." It is now in the State House with the other Massachusetts flags.

On the next morning the regiment started for Boston and took the Steamer *Merrimac* for Morehead City, North Carolina. Landed at Morehead City on the afternoon of November 30, and took the cars for New Berne, arriving there in the evening. The regiment marched down to Foster Barracks, where they found the Forty-fifth Mass. had hot coffee and hard tack awaiting us.

December 4 arms and equipments were issued, the two flank companies having Harper's Ferry rifles and sabre bayonets.

On the 9th the regiment was attached to the brigade commanded by Colonel T. J. C. Amory, of the Seventeenth Mass. Infantry.

December 10 the following order was sent to the commanders of regiments and batteries, and at this day may be of especial interest:—

HEADQUARTERS, DEPARTMENT OF NORTH CAROLINA.  
NEW BERNE, DECEMBER 10, 1862.

General Orders, }  
No. 77. }

The column will move to-morrow morning at 7 o'clock and in the following order of march:—

An advance guard of cavalry, Ninth New Jersey, Colonel Heckman commanding. General Wessel's Brigade and one New York Battery. Captain Aminon's Battery. Captain Schenk's Battery. Colonel Amory's Brigade and one New York Battery. Colonel Stevenson's Brigade and Belger's Battery. One regiment of this latter brigade will march in rear of the wagon train. The rear guard of cavalry will follow the wagons, and the balance of the cavalry rear guard will act as guard of the train being distributed along the line of the train.

Mr. H. W. Wilson with his company of Bridge Builders will march at the head of the train.

The hospital wagons and ambulances will follow in rear of their respective brigades, and be under the orders of the Senior Surgeon of the Brigade.

The Hospital Supply Train, under charge of Medical Purveyor, will remain in front of and in company with the baggage train. The Sanitary Commission Train will follow immediately in the rear of the Hospital Supply Train. The ammunition wagons of the batteries will march at the head of the wagon train. No leaving ranks will be allowed and to prevent this and to preserve order, Major Jones Frankle is appointed Provost Marshal of the march. He will have a cavalry guard and ten men with an officer or an energetic non-commissioned officer will be detailed from each regiment to march in rear of their respective regiments and to be under orders of Major Frankle.

On crossing streams requiring fording, each brigade will be halted by the brigade commander, and the men ordered to take off shoes and stockings. The brigade will be halted when its left shall have crossed and the men ordered to put on their shoes and stockings. In coming into action each brigade will take its position in succession whenever directed by the commanding general, and as a general thing the order of formation will be in two lines. The regiments in the first line will be deployed (if the nature of the ground allows), and if within range will keep up a steady continuous fire of musketry. The regiments of the second line will be within one hundred or two hundred yards of the first, generally lying down, so as to be as much out of shot as possible, and generally in column of divisions at half distance. They will thus be ready to move in any direction with facility and to reinforce any portion of the first line that may be hard pressed by the enemy, or to pass in front of the first line, deploy, and open fire. When any regiment of the first line have exhausted their ammunition it will be formed, as soon as practicable, in column of division at half distance and in doing this they must not fall back, but lie down in that position, ready to resist with the bayonet any charge of the enemy. As soon as the above formation is made four men from

each company will be sent to the wagons to procure two boxes of ammunition for each company. The party to be in charge of a commissioned officer who will be responsible for the conduct of the party. The light batteries marching with brigades will remain with their respective brigades and fight with it under orders of the commanding officers of the brigade. The rest of the artillery will be under the general direction of Colonel Ledlie, commanding artillery brigade, and under the immediate orders of Major Kennedy.

It must be understood that any regiment near a battery must consider itself a support of that battery, and if that battery be charged by the enemy's infantry, the commanding officer of the regiment must advance at least on a line with the front of the battery; in this case the first withhold their fire till the enemy be close enough to deliver a heavy volley and charge with the bayonet. The battery in such cases will fire rapidly with grape and canister. Officers must enjoin on their men to fire slowly and coolly, taking good aim and special pains not to fire too high.

The General feels sure that Wessel's Brigade, of Peck's Division, under their veteran commander will obtain and add to their high reputation. The First Division, Ninth Army Corps, will do as it always has before. The new regiments, the General hopes and expects, will vie with the older ones in the full and bold performance of their part, whatever may come.

By command of

MAJOR-GENERAL FOSTER.

S. HOFFMAN, A. A. G.

*Official,*

E. T. PARKINSON, A. A. A. G.

December 11 the regiment started on the Goldsboro march, returning to Foster Barracks on December 21. The expedition consisted of twenty-two regiments of infantry, cavalry and artillery, one hundred and thirty army wagons, exclusive of ambulances and hospital wagons.

According to General Orders No. 6, issued by the Colonel, the daily duties in the camp were as follows:—

Reveille . . . . .	6.30 A. M.
Surgeon's Call . . . . .	7.
Breakfast . . . . .	7.30.
Troop . . . . .	8.30.
Guard Mounting . . . . .	9.
Company Drill . . . . .	9.30.
Recall . . . . .	11.30.
Dinner . . . . .	12 M.
Orderly Call . . . . .	12.45 P. M.
Assembly for Battalion Drill . . . . .	1.40.
Adjutant's Call . . . . .	1.50.
Retreat . . . . .	4.30.
Supper . . . . .	5.30.
Tattoo . . . . .	7.30.
Taps . . . . .	9.

December 24 an election was held in the barracks, making Lieutenant Goodell Captain, Lieutenant Bigelow First Lieutenant, and Sergeant J. O. Bemis Second Lieutenant.

January 15, by order of Major-General Foster, the names of the battles of Kinston, Whitehall and Goldsboro were inscribed on our flags.

January 17, at his own request, Orderly Sergeant Dunlap was made Sergeant and Sergeant H. C. Wadsworth was made Orderly.

January 17 started on the Pollocksville march, returning on the 21st.

The following was received by our Colonel :—

HEADQUARTERS FIRST BRIGADE, FIRST DIVISION.  
Eighteenth Army Corps.  
NEW BERNE, February 20, 1863.

Special Orders, }  
No. 37. }

Colonel Sprague, commanding Fifty-first Mass. Vol. M., will to-morrow morning march the six companies of his regiment, now in barracks, to "Deep Gully," where he will encamp for five days at the expiration of which time he will return to camp. Five days' rations will be taken. Transportation to be furnished by Brigade Quartermaster. He will be subject to command of Colonel J. R. Jones, Fifty-eighth Pa. Vols., commanding outposts.

The Assistant-Surgeon will accompany the expedition, the Surgeon remaining behind with sufficient men to guard the barracks.

By order of COLONEL AMORY,  
*Commanding Brigade.*

E. T. PARKINSON, Lieut. and A. A. A. G.

On the twenty-first the regiment was sent to Deep Gully, about ten miles up on the Kinston road, for special outpost duty. This camp was designated Camp Studley. The regiment returned to Foster Barracks where it remained until March 3, when the companies were ordered to different stations for guard duty. Companies A and C going to Morehead City.

The following order was received from Headquarters, and

the report of the Colonel of the expedition is under the head of Expedition to Cedar Point and Swansboro :—

HEADQUARTERS, EIGHTEENTH ARMY CORPS.

NEW BERNE, N. C., March 5, 1863.

COLONEL A. B. R. SPRAGUE,

*Commanding Fifty-first Regiment, Mass. V. M.*

COLONEL :

By direction of Major-General Foster I have the honor to give you the following instructions, viz. :—

You will march on the morning of Saturday, the 7th inst., with the available force from your regiment and one company of cavalry to the White Oak River opposite Swansboro ; this point you will hold.

The object of this expedition is to thoroughly reconnoitre both sides of the White Oak River to find out, as far as possible, the strength, position and movements of the enemy in that direction. You will occupy the point indicated for three days unless this time is necessarily modified by circumstances which cannot be anticipated.

A cavalry reconnoissance of the Third N. Y. C. will probably meet you during your stay on White Oak River.

An officer of the General's Staff will join you for the purpose of aiding you in ascertaining the above named information, and more particularly in examining, finding all ways of crossing the river by bridges, fords, ferries, depth and width of river, relative height of banks, &c.

The Steamer Wilson will be at the mouth of the White Oak River. A section of Lee's battery will report to you for orders.

I am, Colonel,

Very Respectfully Your Obedient Servant,

SOUTHARD HOFFMAN, A. A. G.

March 6 Company C went to Newport Barracks, and there with Companies B, D, H and I went to Cedar Point opposite Swansboro. The expedition returned to Newport on the tenth, and the company to Morehead City on the eleventh.

March 16 there was a rumor at New Berne that Morehead City would be raided by a force of rebel cavalry, and so the One Hundred and Sixty-eighth Pennsylvania Infantry was sent down to assist Companies A and C to protect the place. It became evident in a short time that Companies A and C had to protect themselves, so guards were placed around our quarters and property, and before morning the account of our camp equipage was correct, if it did not overrun that of the Quartermaster's. The Pennsylvania regiment returned the next day.

The following order was received and the detail made as the roster shows :—

HEADQUARTERS, FIFTY-FIRST MASS. REGIMENT.  
BEAUFORT, N. C., March 25, 1863.

Special Orders, }  
No. 14. }

In accordance with Special Orders from Department Headquarters the following detail is made for the purpose of manning the Gun-boat "Hussar":—

First Lieutenant John W. Sanderson, Company A.

One non-commissioned officer, Company A.

Ten privates, Company A.

One non-commissioned officer, Company C.

Ten privates, Company C.

Captain E. A. Wood is charged with the promulgation of the above orders.

By order of

COLONEL A. B. R. SPRAGUE.

April 10 the company went to Fort Macon, opposite Beaufort, N. C., where we drilled in heavy artillery being, as it happened, a drill which twenty-one members put into practice later on in the war in different regiments.

In accordance with orders from Department Headquarters the regiment returned to New Berne on May 4, and quartered at Foster Barracks until May 22, when it was ordered to move camp as the Barracks were in the range of the guns of Fort Gaston. A camp was selected near the railroad and about a mile from New Berne, and was designated Camp Wellington. At the first dress parade the following order was read :—

HEADQUARTERS, FIFTY-FIRST MASS. REGIMENT.  
Camp Wellington, New Berne, N. C., May 24, 1863.

General Orders, }  
No. 38. }

In honor of a citizen of the "Heart of the Commonwealth," an uncompromising enemy of traitors, who has given of his substance without stint or measure for the relief of the suffering, for the cause of our God and our Country, and kept naught back, but laid upon its altar his dearest earthly hopes,—in the common walks of life a gentleman, a Patriot, and a friend of Humanity—this temporary home of the Fifty-first Massachusetts is designated "Camp Wellington."

By order of

COLONEL A. B. R. SPRAGUE.

J. STEWART BROWN, *Adjutant*.

The following important circular from the office of the Commissary of Musters of the Eighteenth Army Corps, and a communication relative thereto from Colonel Sprague, was read for the information of this regiment :—

OFFICE OF THE COMMISSARY OF MUSTERS,  
Eighteenth Army Corps,  
NEW BERNE, N. C., June 9, 1863.

CIRCULAR.

Some misapprehension having arisen concerning the time of expiration of the term of service of the nine months' volunteers, the following circular is published for the information of all concerned :

The rule adopted by the Government and communicated to mustering officers at the commencement of the present war, was that a regiment forming for service must be complete in its organization and all the companies assembled at the place of general rendezvous, or on the way there before the muster could take place. Under this rule, during the formation of a regiment requiring generally many weeks for its completion the troops were in service of the State, dependent upon it for their pay, subsistence and equipment. To be relieved of this burden on the State, and for the speediest enlistment and equipment of the forces, the Governor obtained authority for the mustering officers to muster the companies separately as soon as their organization was complete and their ranks full to the minimum, the Government reserving to itself the right to reckon the term of service as commencing at the time the regiment was complete and serviceable as a regiment—that is, from the time of muster-in of the tenth company.

From this time they were liable to be ordered into the field for service. Until this time they were merely in process of formation, and not liable to such orders. This is the view taken by the Government of the term of service of the nine months' troops, and its fairness and liberality can hardly be questioned by any save those whose patriotism is of so weak a nature as to begrudge to their country a short period additional to their specified nine months.

In order, however, that no possible ground of complaint may exist in regard to this matter the General commanding authorizes me to state that any company in this department will, on application of its captain, approved by the colonel commanding the regiment, be furnished with transportation and allowed to proceed home in time to reach it in nine months from the time of its muster into service.

THOMAS J. C. AMORY,

• Colonel Seventeenth Mass.,  
Commissary of Muster, Eighteenth Army Corps.

HEADQUARTERS, FIFTY-FIRST MASS. REGIMENT.  
Camp Wellington, New Berne, N. C., June 10, 1863.

I have caused to be read to the whole command a circular which was drawn out by dissatisfaction with the direction of the War Department in

regard to the time of mustering out of the nine months' troops. Without entering upon an argument in regard to the justice or equity of this decision of the War Department, I rely upon the good judgment, the patriotism and intelligence of the officers and soldiers of this regiment, who entered the service and have stood together unflinchingly in the lines of duty, to take no action which will compromise them in the eyes of the Country and their friends. Rather let us be over-zealous in the Service than be relieved one moment too soon by our own action. Transportation has been ordered for this regiment to Boston about July 1.

A. B. R. SPRAGUE,

*Colonel Fifty-first Regiment, Mass. V. M.*

No application was made by any captain of the Fifty-first Regiment for his command to be released from service before the muster-out of the entire regiment.

On June 24 orders were received to report at Fortress Monroe, arriving there on the 27th, when the regiment was ordered to report to General John A. Dix at White House, Virginia, where it arrived at midnight of the 27th and reported on the 28th. It was understood that General Dix would make a desperate attempt to seize the rebel capital while Lee and the Army of Northern Virginia were north of the Potomac. If such a plan was contemplated it was abandoned. Of the troops sent up from North Carolina, the Eighth, Forty-sixth, Forty-third and Fifty-first Mass. regiments were ordered back to Fortress Monroe for transportation to Massachusetts. While awaiting for transportation at Fortress Monroe the boat from Baltimore brought news of the advance of Lee into Pennsylvania.

General Naglee informed our Colonel of the pressing need of troops to drive the rebel army across the Potomac. In company with General Naglee and Colonel Shurtleff of the Forty-sixth Mass. Infantry telegraphed the Secretary of War that we would await his orders. The offer was accepted with orders to report to General Robert C. Schenck at Baltimore, Md. Arrived at Baltimore on July 1, and were ordered to Belger Barracks. In the orders which the General commanding issued was the following:—

“Until further orders, the citizens of Baltimore city and county are prohibited from keeping arms in their houses unless enrolled in volunteer companies for the defense of their homes.”



July 2, in connection with the police, the regiment searched for arms in houses of suspected parties. On the 3d, guarded the negroes at work on the fortifications. On the 5th, by orders from the Provost Marshal, the regiment was ordered to guard from Bolton station to Fort McHenry twenty-three hundred rebel prisoners, taken at the battle of Gettysburg.

July 6 the regiment had orders to report to General H. S. Briggs at the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad depot, Mount Clare station, early in the morning. The brigade consisted of the following Mass. regiments: the Eighth, Forty-sixth, Fifty-first, Battalion of Forty-third under Lieutenant-Colonel John C. Whiton, and Seventh New York; when the brigade arrived at Monocacy Junction the Seventh New York was left there and the rest of the brigade went on to Sandy Hook, Md., arriving there on the 7th, in the evening, where we remained until the following order was received:—

HEADQUARTERS, BRIGGS' BRIGADE.  
SANDY HOOK, Md., July 7, 1863, 8 o'clock P. M.

COLONEL SPRAGUE,

*Commanding Fifty-first M. V. M.*

COLONEL:

You will take your own command, the Forty-sixth and Eighth Mass. Regiments and Battery B, First Penn. Artillery, to Fort Duncan at once. Lieutenant Young, Sixth N. Y. Artillery, bearing this, will guide the column.

By order of

BRIGADIER-GENERAL H. S. BRIGGS.

BYRON PORTER,

*Captain and A. A. General.*

In the night the regiment marched up Maryland Heights occupying Fort Duncan at 4 o'clock in the morning. July 12 the regiment had orders to join the Army of the Potomac. The brigade consisted of the Eighth, Thirty-ninth, Forty-sixth and Fifty-first Mass. Regiments.

At Boonsboro, where after a short halt, marched on to Funks-town, after twenty-two hours continuous marching were attached to the Second Division First Army Corps, and took position in the second line of battle on the extreme right.

The following were our officers :—

Major-General JOHN NEWTON, commanding the Corps.

Major-General JOHN C. ROBINSON, “ the Division.

Brigadier-General HENRY S. BRIGGS, “ the Brigade.

In making this long march we passed in the evening the school-house where John Brown had his firearms and pikes secreted before his raid at Harper's Ferry.

At Funkstown the rebel pickets were very near ours, and they had out a strong force of skirmishers. Our corps being on rising ground, all the movements of the skirmishers could be seen, besides hearing the constant discharge of musketry by the opposing forces.

Forty additional rounds of cartridges were issued, making one hundred for each soldier. Our Colonel was informed that the attack would be made at daybreak on the morning of the 14th.

During this night the enemy disappeared from our front, and Lee had recrossed the Potomac at Williamsport.

If the battle had occurred the Fifty-first might have been in one of the large battles of the war, and no doubt a number of the comrades would not again have seen New England, as the rebel position in our front was very strong, and when marching in line to Williamsport, on the 14th, places where masked batteries had been stationed could be seen.

The next day, July 15, the first corps, of which we were a part, moved rapidly to Berlin, on the Potomac just below Sandy Hook, and arrived there at noon of the 16th, and subsequently crossed the Potomac into Virginia at this point.

On the 17th the regiment took the cars for Baltimore, arriving there on the morning of the 18th, and went back to Belger Barracks.

The regiment when “at the front” numbered not over two hundred and fifty men, and all those who were there were ordered by our Colonel to wear the badge of the corps on our caps, which was considered quite an honor when marching in Baltimore and Worcester.

Left Baltimore for home on the 19th; had a splendid reception and lunch at Philadelphia; arriving in New York on the





CAPT. T. W. HIGGINSON



CAPT. J. B. GOODELL.



LIEUT. L. H. BIGELOW.



LIEUT. J. O. BEMIS.

20th, during the draft riots. By order of General Canby, commanding at New York, the regiment was stationed on the Battery and orders given not to leave the grounds, as it might be called upon to suppress any disturbance that might arise. Started in the evening for Worcester, by the way of Norwich, arriving on the Common at half past ten in the forenoon of the 21st. After being received by the City Government, parading through the streets and a banquet in Mechanics Hall, a furlough was granted until July 27, when the company was mustered out on the Agricultural Grounds on Agricultural Street, by Captain J. K. Lawrence of the Eleventh United States Infantry.

#### ROSTER OF THE FIFTY-FIRST MASSACHUSETTS INFANTRY.

##### FIELD AND STAFF OFFICERS.

AUGUSTUS B. R. SPRAGUE, COLONEL.

JOHN M. STUDLEY, LIEUTENANT-COLONEL.

ELIJAH A. HARKNESS, MAJOR.

GEORGE JEWETT, SURGEON.

J. HOMER DARLING, ASSISTANT-SURGEON.

PAUL C. GARVIN, ASSISTANT-SURGEON.

GILBERT CUMMINGS, JR., CHAPLAIN.

J. STEWART BROWN, ADJUTANT.

BENJAMIN D. DWINNELL, QUARTERMASTER.

GEORGE E. BARTON, SERGEANT-MAJOR.

EDWARD P. COTTING, HOSPITAL STEWARD.

EDWARD S. WASHBURN, QUARTERMASTER-SERGEANT.

HENRY W. STAYNER, COMMISSARY-SERGEANT.

## ROSTER COMPANY C, 51ST REGIMENT, M. V. M.

NAMES.	Age.	Place credited to, or Birthplace.	Discharged.	REMARKS.
Thomas W. Higginson, <i>Capt.</i>	38	Worcester . . . .	Nov. 17, '62. Promotion.	Captain Sept. 25, '62; Colonel 1st South Carolina Volunteers, Nov. 10, '62; commanded expedition up St. Mary's River, Ga., Jan., '63; commanded expedition up St. John's River, Fla., and took Jacksonville, Mar., '63; commanded expedition up So. Edisto River, S. C., July 9, '63, where he was seriously wounded; resigned Oct. 27, '64, from disability resulting from wound.
John B. Goodell, <i>Capt.</i> . . . .	26	Worcester . . . .	July 27, '63.	1st Lieut. Sept. 25, '62; Captain Jan. 27, '63.
Luther H. Bigelow, <i>Lieut.</i> . . .	25	Worcester . . . .	July 27, '63.	2d Lieut. Sept. 25, '62; 1st Lieut. Jan. 27, '63; Apr. 19, '61, enlisted as private in Co. A., 3d Battalion Mass. Rifles; mustered out Aug. 3, '61; on duty at Fort McHenry, near Baltimore, Md.
J. Orlando Bemis, <i>Lieut.</i> . . .	33	Worcester . . . .	July 27, '63.	Sergeant Sept. 25, '62; 2d Lieut. Jan. 27, '63; re-enlisted in Co. D., 4th Mass. H. A., Aug. 25, '64; Captain Aug. 25, '64; mustered out June 17, '65; on duty in forts near Washington, D. C.
Henry C. Wadsworth, <i>Sergt.</i>	24	Worcester . . . .	July 27, '63.	Corporal Sept. 25, '62; since the war, 2d Lieut. Battery B, 2d Mass. Light Artillery, May 19, '80; Captain Jan. 23, '82; mustered out Jan. 11, '83.
Charles N. Hair, <i>Sergt.</i> . . . .	31	Worcester . . . .	July 27, '63.	Corporal Sept. 25, '62; Sergeant Dec. 24, '62; Provost Sergeant Jan., '63, and served in that position the rest of term of service at New Berne and Beaufort, N. C.; re-enlisted in Co. H, 57th Mass. Infantry, Jan. 11, '64; discharged for wounds received at last day's fight of Spottsylvania Court House, Va., May 18, '64; was in the battles of Wilderness and Spottsylvania Court House; re-enlisted in Co. D, 4th Mass. H. A., Aug. 12, '64; 1st Lieut. Aug. 12, '64; Acting Q. M. Jan. 12, '65, at Regimental Headquarters, Fort Richardson, near Washington, D. C.; mustered out June 17, '65.

NAMES.	Age.	Place credited to, or Birthplace.	Discharged.	REMARKS.
William M. Miller, <i>Sergt.</i> . . .	25	Worcester . . . . .	July 27, '63.	Sergeant Sept. 25, '62.
George E. Dunlap, <i>Sergt.</i> . . .	29	Worcester . . . . .	July 27, '63.	Sergeant Sept. 25, '62; at Morehead City, N. C., was detailed Mar. 25, '63, for duty on gunboat <i>Hussar</i> , in the harbor at Beaufort, N. C.
James E. Dennis, <i>Sergt.</i> . . .	31	Worcester . . . . .	July 27, '63.	Corporal Sept. 25, '62; Sergeant June 3, '63.
James S. Rogers, <i>Sergt.</i> . . .	22	Worcester . . . . .	Dec. 10, '62. By order of War Dept.	Corporal Sept. 25, '62; Sergeant Nov. 4, '62; re-enlisted in Co. F, 1st South Carolina Volunteers, Dec. 6, '62; Captain Dec. 6, '62; resigned Oct. 20, '63, special order 470, War Dept. When in 1st So. Car. Vols., was in the expedition up the St. Mary's River, Ga., Jan., '63; at the taking of Jacksonville, Fla., Mar., '63; in the So. Edisto River expedition, July 9, '63.
Stephen E. Greene, <i>Sergt.</i> . . .	18	Worcester . . . . .	May 29, '63. Promotion.	Sergeant Sept. 25, '62; 2d Lieut. Co. G, 2d Mass. H. A., June 4, '63; Junior 1st Lieut. Aug. 14, '63; on duty at Norfolk, Va., and Plymouth, N. C.; resigned, from sickness, at New Berne, N. C., Sept. 1, '64.
Charles A. Goddard, <i>Corp.</i> . . .	29	Worcester . . . . .	July 27, '63.	Corporal Sept. 25, '62; for the term of service was detailed in Regimental Q. M. Dept.; in '61 was special messenger for the War Dept. in carrying despatches in Maryland and Virginia; from Aug. 1, '63, until close of war, was connected with the office of Provost Marshal at Worcester, Mass.
Joseph G. Longley, <i>Corp.</i> . . .	39	Westboro' . . . . .	July 27, '63.	Corporal Sept. 25, '62; commissioned 1st Lieut. Co. A, 36th U. S. Col'd Infantry, in '63; mustered out in '65; on duty at Point Lookout, Md., and in the siege of Petersburg, Va.
Charles H. Heywood, <i>Corp.</i> . .	23	Worcester . . . . .	July 27, '63.	Corporal Sept. 25, '62; re-enlisted in Co. F, 4th Mass. H. A., Aug. 17, '64; 2d Lieut. Aug. 17, '64; mustered out July 17, '65; on duty in forts near Washington, D. C.
William H. Johnson, <i>Corp.</i> . .	22	Northborough . . .	July 27, '63.	Corporal Dec. 24, '62.

## ROSTER COMPANY C, 51ST REGIMENT, M. V. M.—Continued.

NAMES,	Age.	Place credited to, or Birthplace.	Discharged.	REMARKS.
Charles H. Porter, <i>Corp.</i> . . . .	29	Worcester . . . . .	July 27, '63.	Corporal Jan. 17, '63.
S. Payson Perry, <i>Corp.</i> . . . .	21	Worcester . . . . .	July 27, '63.	Corporal Feb. 15, '63; re-enlisted in Co. F, 42d Mass. Infantry, July 11, '64; Corporal July 15, '64; mustered out Nov. 11, '64; on duty at Alexandria, Va., and vicinity.
Edwin A. Otis, <i>Corp.</i> . . . .	19	Lancaster . . . . .	July 27, '63.	Corporal May 31, '63.
Samuel D. Barrett, <i>Corp.</i> . . . .	25	Worcester . . . . .	June 23, '63. By order of Gen. Foster.	Corporal Sept. 25, '62.
Edwin H. Bliss, <i>Corp.</i> . . . .	22	Worcester . . . . .	D'd Feb. 15, '63. New Berne, N. C.	Corporal Dec. 26, '62.
George E. Barton, <i>Corp.</i> . . . .	21	Worcester . . . . .	Nov. 4, '62. Promotion.	Corporal Sept. 25, '62; Sergeant-Major 51st Mass. Infantry, Nov. 4, '62; re-enlisted in Co. H, 57th Mass. Infantry; 2d Lieut. Jan. 6, '64; 1st Lieut. Apr. 9, '64; Captain Sept. 10, '64; was in a number of battles; was wounded in the charge on Petersburg Works, June 17, '64, and while Adjutant in the charge after Burnside's Mine Explosion in front of Petersburg, July 30, '64; was with the regiment at Fort Steadman, Mar. 25, '65, when the loss was heavy; Captain comd'g Regt. when it marched into Petersburg, Apr. 8, '65; Chief Ambulance Officer 1st Div. 9th Army Corps Staff, May 1, '64; mustered out July 26, '65.
Charles F. Coc, <i>Musician.</i> . . . .	15	Worcester . . . . .	July 27, '63.	On formation of Regt. was detailed at Headquarters, first as Orderly for the Col. and afterwards Adjutant's clerk; Sergeant-Major 10th Mass. V. M., 1868, '69.
Nathan S. Coburn, <i>Musician.</i> . . . .	47	Worcester . . . . .	Feb. 6, '63. Disability.	
George L. Batelle . . . . .	30	Worcester . . . . .	July 27, '63.	
Edwin Brown . . . . .	18	Worcester . . . . .	July 27, '63.	



NAMES.	Age.	Place credited to, or Birthplace.	Discharged.	REMARKS.
George C. Butler . . . . .	18	Worcester . . . . .	July 27, '63.	Re-enlisted in Co. G, 2d Mass. H. A., Dec. 7, '63; Sergeant Dec. 7, '63; was taken prisoner at the capture of Plymouth, N. C., Apr. 20, '64; died in Andersonville prison, July 30, '64.
Ira B. Bullard . . . . .	25	Sutton . . . . .	July 27, '63.	At Morehead City, N. C., was detailed Mar. 25, '63, to man gunboat <i>Hussar</i> , in the harbor at Beaufort, N. C.; re-enlisted in Co. H, 57th Mass. Infantry, Jan. 11, '64; Corporal Jan. 11, '64; was in the battles of the Wilderness and Spottsylvania Court House, Va.; died at Fredericksburg, Va.; May 24, '64, of wounds received in battle of Spottsylvania Ct. House; buried at Sutton, Mass.
Benjamin Carrico . . . . .	28	Worcester . . . . .	July 27, '63.	Re-enlisted in Co. F, 4th Mass. H. A., Aug. 15, '64; Sergeant Aug. 15, '64; mustered out June 17, '65; on duty in forts near Washington, D. C.
Moses A. Chamberlin . . . . .	23	Templeton . . . . .	July 27, '63.	Detailed in Brigade Q. M. Dept., Dec. 24, '63; re-enlisted in Co. A, 21st Mass. Infantry; Corporal Jan. 5, '64; transferred to Co. K, 36th Mass. Infantry, Jan. 5, '64; Corporal Jan. 5, '64; transferred to Co. A, 56th Mass. Infantry, June 8, '64; Sergeant Jan. 5, '65; mustered out July 12, '65; was in the battles of Petersburg, Crater, Weldon R. R., Pegram House, and "in the trenches" in front of Petersburg.
Warren C. Chamberlin . . . . .	29	Templeton . . . . .	July 27, '63.	Jan., '63, detailed in the pioneer corps; re-enlisted in Co. D, 4th Mass. H. A., Aug. 18, '64; mustered out June 17, '65; on duty in forts near Washington, D. C.
William H. Clapp . . . . .	19	Worcester . . . . .	July 27, '63.	
Martin Cole . . . . .	22	Worcester . . . . .	July 27, '63.	
Samuel H. Cook . . . . .	20	Worcester . . . . .	July 27, '63.	Re-enlisted in Co. D, 4th Mass. H. A., Aug. 18, '64; Corporal Aug. 18, '64; mustered out June 17, '65; on duty in forts near Washington, D. C.

## ROSTER COMPANY C, 51st REGIMENT, M. V. M.—Continued.

NAMES.	Age.	Place credited to, or Birthplace.	Discharged.	REMARKS.
Bowers Davis . . . . .	22	Oxford . . . . .	July 27, '63.	At Morehead City, N. C., was detailed Mar. 25, '63, to man gunboat <i>Hussar</i> , in the harbor at Beaufort, N. C.
Winthrop Davis . . . . .	23	Worcester . . . . .	July 27, '63.	Re-enlisted in Co. F, 4th Mass. H. A., Aug. 18, '64; Corporal Aug. 18, '64; mustered out June 17, '65; on duty in forts near Washington, D. C.
Alfred M. Eames . . . . .	18	Framingham . . . . .	July 27, '63.	
Edwin A. Eames . . . . .	20	Framingham . . . . .	July 27, '63.	Dec. 11, '62, detailed clerk for Surgeon; Mar. 3, '63, detailed at Beaufort, N. C., as Hospital Steward; May 24, '63, detailed Ward Master at Camp Wellington.
Stephen C. Earle . . . . .	23	Worcester . . . . .	July 27, '63.	
William H. Estey . . . . .	21	Oakham . . . . .	July 27, '63.	May 10, '63, detailed Orderly at Hammond Hospital, Beaufort, N. C., until expiration of service. At Morehead City, N. C., was detailed Mar. 25, '63, to man gunboat <i>Hussar</i> , in the harbor at Beaufort, N. C.
Thomas Flynn . . . . .	21	Worcester . . . . .	July 27, '63.	
Charles B. Fry . . . . .	18	Worcester . . . . .	July 27, '63.	
Samuel H. Fuller . . . . .	28	Worcester . . . . .	July 27, '63.	
Phillip D. Gibson . . . . .	23	Sutton . . . . .	July 27, '63.	Re-enlisted in Co. F, 4th Mass. H. A., Aug. 15, '64; Sergeant Aug. 15, '64; mustered out June 17, '65; on duty in forts near Washington, D. C. Since the war, 1st Lieut. and Paymaster 1st Regt. Mass. V. M., June 4, '73; mustered out June 8, '76; 1st Lieut. Co. D, 1st Regt. Mass. V. M., Dec. 24, '77; Capt. Jan. 21, '78; mustered out Nov. 29, '79.
Warren Glover . . . . .	27	Worcester . . . . .	July 27, '63.	
Robert E. Greene . . . . .	19	Grafton . . . . .	July 27, '63.	
William Gould . . . . .	36	Worcester . . . . .	Mar. 3, '63. Disability.	
Thomas Gilbert . . . . .	29	Worcester . . . . .	Died July 4, '63. New Bern, N. C.	Re-enlisted in Co. F, 4th Mass. H. A., Aug. 15, '64; Sergeant Aug. 15, '64; mustered out June 17, '65; on duty in forts near Washington, D. C. Since the war, 1st Lieut. and Paymaster 1st Regt. Mass. V. M., June 4, '73; mustered out June 8, '76; 1st Lieut. Co. D, 1st Regt. Mass. V. M., Dec. 24, '77; Capt. Jan. 21, '78; mustered out Nov. 29, '79.
Charles B. Harris . . . . .	19	Clinton . . . . .	July 27, '63.	
William G. Haskins . . . . .	21	West Boylston . . . . .	July 27, '63.	
Albert W. Hersey . . . . .	20	Worcester . . . . .	July 27, '63.	

NAMES.	Age.	Place, credited to, or Birthplace.	Discharged.	REMARKS.
Henry A. Heywood . . . .	20	Shrewsbury . . . .	July 27, '63.	
Loren L. Hicks . . . . .	18	Worcester . . . . .	July 27, '63.	
Edwin W. Hinds . . . . .	28	Worcester . . . . .	July 27, '63.	At Morehead City, N. C., was detailed Mar. 25, '63, to man gunboat <i>Hussar</i> , in the harbor at Beaufort, N. C.
John Holbrook . . . . .	21	Worcester . . . . .	July 27, '63.	
Charles A. Hoppin . . . . .	28	Worcester . . . . .	July 27, '63.	Dec. 1, '62, detailed in Commissary Dept. of 51st Mass. Regt., and at the same time clerk in charge of ordnance stores. When the Regt. left Camp Wellington for Va., was left in charge of camp and garrison equipage.
Charles W. Haven . . . . .	18	Worcester . . . . .	Died Feb. 18, '63. New Berne, N. C.	
John F. Johnson . . . . .	19	Northborough . . . .	July 27, '63.	Re-enlisted in Co. F, 4th Mass. H. A., Aug. 15, '64; Q. M. Sergeant Aug. 15, '64; mustered out June 17, '65; on duty in forts near Washington, D. C.; Private in Co. F, 10th Regt. Mass. V. M., 1876-79. Detailed at Fort Macon, N. C., as Post Clerk, and at Camp Wellington, for the remainder of term of service, as Acting Commissary Sergt. for the Regiment.
George M. Kendall . . . . .	21	Worcester . . . . .	July 27, '63.	
Austin S. Kenney . . . . .	19	Sutton . . . . .	July 27, '63.	At Morehead City, N. C., was detailed Mar. 25, '63, to man gunboat <i>Hussar</i> , in the harbor at Beaufort, N. C.
Henry F. Kett . . . . .	21	Worcester . . . . .	July 27, '63.	Detailed at Morehead City, N. C., to have charge of hospital.
James M. King . . . . .	25	Monson . . . . .	July 27, '63.	Re-enlisted in Co. G, 4th Mass. Cavalry, Jan. 5, '64; Acting Com. Sergeant six months; mustered out June 3, '65; in active service at siege of Petersburg, Va.
Henry J. Kendall . . . . .	19	Worcester . . . . .	Died Apr. 19, '63. New Berne, N. C.	

## ROSTER COMPANY C, 51st REGIMENT, M. V. M.—Continued.

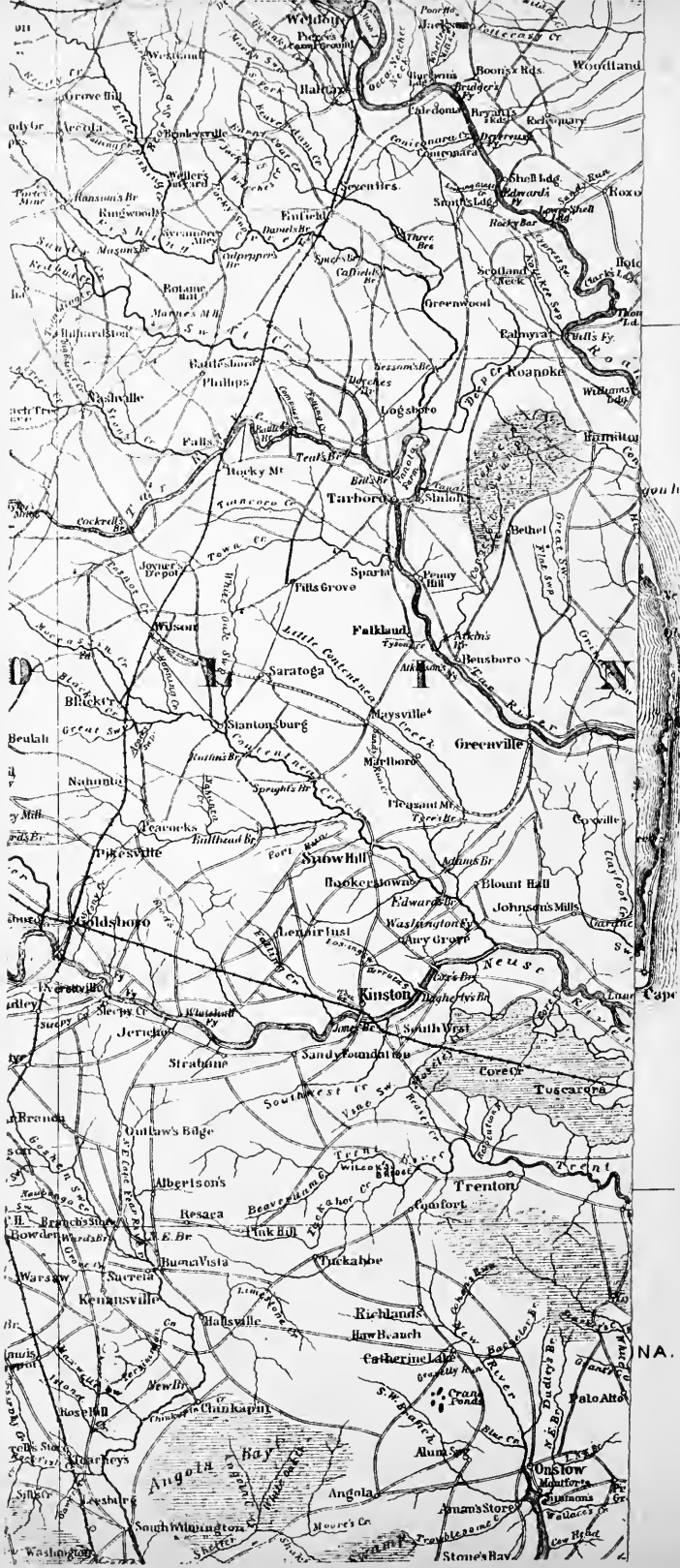
NAMES.	Age.	Place enrolled to, or birthplace.	Discharged.	REMARKS.
John R. Lavarty . . . . .	19	Worcester . . . . .	July 27, '63.	At Morehead City, N. C., was detailed Mar. 25, '63, to man gunboat <i>Hassar</i> , in the harbor at Beaufort, N. C.; re-enlisted in Co. E 4th Mass. H. A., Aug. 24, '64; mustered out June 17, '65; on duty in forts near Washington, D. C. Detailed at Fort Macon, N. C., as clerk in Commissary Dept.
Moses A. Lowe . . . . .	20	Worcester . . . . .	July 27, '63	
Henry G. Lougley . . . . .	21	Worcester . . . . .	Died Feb. 24, '63. New Berne, N. C.	
Charles L. Maynard . . . . .	18	Worcester . . . . .	July 27, '63.	
Charles A. Moore . . . . .	22	Worcester . . . . .	July 27, '63	
Franklin A. Muzzy . . . . .	29	Worcester . . . . .	July 27, '63.	After the war, Corporal in Co. C, 10th Mass. V. M., 1864-67. Re-enlisted in Co. D, 4th Mass. H. A., Aug. 9, '64; detailed Dec. 26, '64, as a Regimental Musician; mustered out June 17, '65; on duty in forts near Washington, D. C.
John Nichols . . . . .	26	North Reading . . . . .	July 27, '63.	Since the war, was connected with Connecticut National Guard, Co. H, 2d Regt; Private June 12, '75; 2d Lieut. Sept. 20, '75; 1st Lieut. Mar. 23, '80; resigned and discharged July 13, '81, on account of leaving State. Re-enlisted in Co. F, 4th Mass. H. A., Aug. 15, '64; Corporal Aug. 15, '64; mustered out June 17, '65; on duty in forts near Washington, D. C.
J. Edward Nichols . . . . .	19	Oxford . . . . .	July 27, '63.	
Frank E. Nourse . . . . .	21	Lancaster . . . . .	July 27, '63.	
Franklin Nye . . . . .	22	Hardwick . . . . .	July 27, '63.	
Charles F. Pierce . . . . .	18	Worcester . . . . .	July 27, '63.	Re-enlisted in Co. D, 2d Mass. H. A., Aug. 31, '64; transferred to Co. H, Feb. 5, '65; was in the skirmishes of Rainbow Bluff, N. C., Dec. 9, '64, and Mar. 29, '65; Winton, N. C., Jan. 28, '65; Coleraine, N. C., Feb. 1, '65; Orderly at Headquarters one month; Company Clerk three mos.; mustered out June 26, '65; on duty at New Berne and Plymouth, N. C.

NAMES.	Age.	Place credited to, or Birthplace.	Discharged.	REMARKS.
John Pratt . . . . .	19	Worcester . . . . .	July 27, '63.	Jan. 15, '63, detailed as clerk in Ordnance Dept., at New Berne, N. C. Detailed as blacksmith at brigade stables, on Trent River, New Berne, N. C., Feb. 6, '63. Re-enlisted in Co. D, 4th Mass. H. A., Aug. 23, '64; Sergeant Aug. 23, '64; mustered out June 17, '65; on duty in forts near Washington, D. C.; since the war, Sergt. in Worcester Light Infantry, '79 and '80. Re-enlisted in Co. F, 4th Mass. H. A., Aug. 15, '64; Corporal Aug. 15, '64; mustered out June 17, '65; on duty in forts near Washington, D. C.
J. Marshall Puffer . . . . .	19	Worcester . . . . .	July 27, '63.	
Henry D. Putnam . . . . .	18	Worcester . . . . .	July 27, '63.	
Henry W. Putnam . . . . .	20	Oxford . . . . .	July 27, '63.	
Wheelock T. Putnam . . . . .	21	Worcester . . . . .	July 27, '63.	Re-enlisted in Co. F, 4th Mass. H. A., Aug. 15, '64; Sergeant Aug. 15, '64; mustered out June 17, '65; on duty in forts near Washington, D. C. Re-enlisted in Co. F, 4th Mass. H. A., Aug. 15, '64; Sergeant Aug. 15, '64; mustered out July 17, '65; on duty in forts near Washington, D. C. Went on the Goldsboro' march to Kingston, N. C., where wounded and sent back to New Berne. Transferred Nov. 18, '62, to 53d Mass. Infantry.
Henry S. Rice . . . . .	23	Auburn . . . . .	July 27, '63.	
Jonathan Rhoades . . . . .	44	Worcester . . . . .	July 27, '63.	
William W. Ross . . . . .	25	West Boylston . . . . .	July 27, '63.	
John S. Rich . . . . .	18	Sutton . . . . .	Apr. 28, '63. Disability.	Re-enlisted in 10th Unattached Co., Mass. Infantry, May 19, '64; Corp. May 19, '64; mustered out Aug. 8, '64; on duty at Fort Warren, Boston Harbor, Mass.; re-enlisted in Co. F, 1st Batt. H. A., Aug. 15, '64; Sergeant Aug. 15, '64; mustered out June 28, '65; on duty at Fort Warren, Boston Harbor, Mass. Re-enlisted in Co. D, 4th Mass. H. A., Aug. 25, '64; Q. M. Sergt. Aug. 25, '64; mustered out June 17, '65; on duty in forts near Washington, D. C.
George D. Rice . . . . .	20	Auburn . . . . .	Died Mar. 9, '63. New Berne, N. C.	
Francis C. Russell . . . . .	24	Fitchburg . . . . .	July 27, '63.	
Lorenzo Q. Spaulding . . . . .	28	Worcester . . . . .	July 27, '63.	
William H. Stowe . . . . .	21	Worcester . . . . .	July 27, '63.	
Luther W. Strong . . . . .	33	Worcester . . . . .	July 27, '63.	

## ROSTER COMPANY C, 51ST REGIMENT, M. V. M.—Continued.

NAMES.	Age.	Place credited to, or Birthplace.	Discharged.	REMARKS.
Eugene W. Stratton . . . .	18	Worcester . . . .	Died Feb. 3, '63. New Berne, N. C.	Commissary Sergeant of 51st Mass. Infantry, Nov. 4, '62. At Morehead City, N. C., was detailed Mar. 25, '63, to man gunboat <i>Itassar</i> , in the harbor at Beaufort, N. C. At Morehead City, N. C., was detailed Mar. 25, '63, to man gunboat <i>Itassar</i> , in the harbor at Beaufort, N. C.; re-enlisted in Co. H, 57th Mass. Infantry, Jan. 11, '64; Corporal, June, '64, and at the close of service, Color Sergeant; was in the battles of Cold Harbor, Petersburg, Weldon R. R., Poplar Grove Church, and "in the trenches" before Petersburg, where the loss was heavy; mustered out July 30, '65.
Henry W. Stayner . . . .	22	Worcester . . . .	Nov. 4, '62. Promotion.	
Frank C. Taft . . . . .	18	Worcester . . . .	July 27, '63.	
George W. Tourtelott . . . .	18	Sutton . . . . .	July 27, '63.	
David G. Tapley . . . . .	30	Worcester . . . .	July 27, '63.	Be-enlisted in Co. D, 4th Mass. H. A., Aug. 18, '64; detailed May 13, '65, in Subsistence Dept. at Anger General Hospital; mustered out June 17, '65; on duty in forts near Washington, D. C.
George S. Whittemore . . . .	42	Worcester . . . .	July 27, '63.	
Charles P. Whittemore . . . .	28	Worcester . . . .	Mar. 17, '63. Disability.	Re-enlisted in Co. F, 4th Mass. H. A., Aug. 15, '64; Corporal Aug. 15, '64; mustered out June 17, '65; on duty in forts near Washington, D. C.
Joseph Whittemore . . . . .	23	West Boylston . .	July 27, '63.	
William G. Willis . . . . .	28	Worcester . . . .	July 27, '63.	
Henry A. Whinn . . . . .	17	Worcester . . . .	July 27, '63.	





N.A.



## EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS AND DIARIES.

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GOING OUT, AND CAMP LIFE AT FOSTER BARRACKS.

CAMP A. B. R. SPRAGUE,  
NEW BERNE, N. C., December 1, 1862.

As was expected, we left Camp Wool on Tuesday at 8½ A. M. and marched up Main Street and back, and down Front Street to the Western Depot, where we took the cars for Boston. We marched through innumerable streets till we came to the wharf, where we immediately embarked on board the U. S. Transport *Merrimac*.

We were to sail in company with the *Mississippi* which had on board the Mass. Eighth. Half an hour before we cast loose her skipper gave us the slip and put out to sea, thinking to get here before us. We sailed down past Cape Cod, Vineyard Sound, and took our last view of the land as we passed Gay Head. Nothing of importance marked the voyage except the intolerable stench which pervaded the stern-hold where we were stowed, three in a bunk, and of which you can judge when you consider that we were there most of the time seasick, and not washing ourselves for six days nor removing a single garment. I could imagine how I could enjoy the grandeur and beauty of a sea voyage with such fare as we daily saw by looking down the cook's galley, to say nought of a cabin berth and liberty on the quarter deck. But we were not allowed abaft the beam at any time during the trip, neither would the officers allow us to get up on any of the houses, but the second mate, who, as you know, has the principal part in the management on deck, was very kind and civil in the enforcement of these rules. "Come, gentlemen," he would say, "I would not get up so high if I were you; you may fall and make a hole in the water." Just before we ran into Beaufort, he said, "Now if you please, gentlemen, come down off those houses; you have behaved first rate so far this trip and now do not spoil it all." We saw no more of the *Mississippi* till off the coast of North Carolina when we discovered her on her beam, consequently we were in



MAP OF  
DEPARTMENT NO. CAROLINA.



advance, but before night she was on our weather beam standing in near the coast, and kept this position the remainder of the trip. In the course of the day she hoisted a signal which we answered, but it was all Greek to me. When we arrived at the bar off Beaufort it was very rough, and the channel so narrow and shallow that we were obliged to lay off at anchor thirty-six hours to wait for the sea to subside. About one o'clock Sunday afternoon we called the anchor and prepared to cross the bar, and if you could see how we dragged the sea after us you would think it was shallow, indeed.

Arrived in the harbor we ran alongside the *Mississippi*, which lay at the wharf. As soon as we could we packed on the cars and started for New Berne, thirty-six miles distant. The journey presented nothing to our view but one continuous piece of swamp, enlivened now and then by a signal station or a squad of negroes chopping wood for the engine. We arrived at New Berne about 7 P. M. It is a pleasant city, I should think, but I have only seen it by moonlight. There are thirteen Massachusetts regiments here, besides the Third New York Cavalry, the Tenth Connecticut and a Rhode Island battery. We are in barracks about two miles from the city on the river Trent. Our camp is on a plantation of General Branch. It is ten thousand acres in area, and his splendid brick mansion is torn down to make chimneys for the cook rooms. We were entertained by the Forty-fifth last night, on our arrival, with hard bread and hot coffee; each company of that regiment entertaining its corresponding company in the Fifty-first.

C. B. FRY.

CAMP FIFTY-FIRST REGIMENT, MASS. VOLS.,  
December 3, 1862.

I will give you a little history of our trip. We received orders to have our knapsacks on our backs at 8½ A. M. Tuesday, which we did. It took about two hours for us to get all ready to march, which made it about ten o'clock when we left the old camp, which had become almost a home to us. We marched and counter-marched through Main Street. All Worcester was out to see us. There was never a regiment that left Worcester which caused so much sorrow as the Fifty-first.

Took the cars at the Western Depot for Boston. Reached Boston about three and marched to the wharf and embarked before night. Left the harbor that night. It was beautiful sailing until Wednesday

night, when it commenced to blow very hard and was a very rough night. Most of the boys became sick that day and night; I was a little so, although not very much. I came up on deck and stood guard two hours the next morning—from that time was not sick at all. It was a grand sight to see the ocean in all its fury; sometimes the deck would be almost perpendicular. It reminded me of stories I have read about the storms at sea. The majority of the boys recovered from their sea-sickness after a day or two, though many were unwell the whole voyage. The remainder of the voyage was comparatively pleasant. We were all hungry as we could be as soon as we got over our sea-sickness. All we could have was meat once a day and have bread about four P. M. The quartermaster was so sick that he could not get at his provisions. The last night we were on the ship some of the boys got down in among the boxes and helped themselves to things generally. I believe they had quite a feast. The worst of it was some of the things taken belonged to one of the regiments out here. Of course the boys did not know that such was the case, or they would never have touched those.

We arrived in sight of Beaufort Saturday morning, but wind and tide prevented our going in until Sunday, about two o'clock. For some reason the *Mississippi* went in ahead of us. We disembarked about four P. M., were taken on to some platform cars, such as they carry wood on at the north. The Eighth and Fifty-first Regiments both came up on the same train. I never rode at any such rate north as we came up here, at least twenty miles an hour, and faster I think. The road was perfectly straight, with nothing of interest to anyone, except negroes and soldiers. Our pickets stretch along the railroad for miles; they all seemed glad to see us. A few miles from New Berne we passed the battle ground of New Berne, the earthworks still remaining. Some of the boys have visited it already.

We rode into the city on the cars, where we left the Eighth Regiment. While waiting for them to unload, many of the Twenty-fifth boys came to see us, among them was Charlie. He had just returned from a four weeks' expedition under General Foster. I know a number of the boys in the Twenty-fifth Regiment, but they are out on picket duty at present. The Twenty-fifth boys have been waiting for our regiment. They didn't care how many others came if ours only did, as it is next to going home for them. Charlie is first rate, he came over and stopped with us the other night.

Our regiment is encamped about two miles from the city, near the Forty-fifth, Forty-sixth, Forty-third and Twenty-third Regiments, so

we are not lonesome. Our boys are in barracks, which are not quite finished, so that things are not as convenient as we could wish. The officers are to have tents. Since being here we have had nothing but coffee and hard crackers, as our quartermaster's stores had not arrived from the ship. Some of them came up last night and we had beans this noon. As our kitchen is not finished the boys went to work and got bricks and have got an oven built temporarily. For supper we had soft bread served to us, which the boys took hold of in good earnest. We are encamped on a plantation owned by Henry Bryant, a captain in the rebel army. It consists of ten thousand acres and is very level. You can scarcely find a stone all day. Every day numbers of negroes come into camp with cakes, pies, sweet potatoes, &c., which they soon dispose of, as the boys must have something to eat. Here we have the genuine negroes. All their cakes, pies, &c., they sell for five cents apiece, or three for five. Have not seen them sell for any less; most of them refuse to take postage stamps. I was on guard yesterday. It seems singular to do duty with army guns. Ours have not got along yet. We wash and get our water from the river; each of the boys is obliged to take care of his own dish, plate, &c., which is not much of a task as there is such splendid fine sand all around here. The whole soil is the same. Everything is tremendously high that you get from the sutler,—small jars of pickles sixty cents, cheese twenty-five, and other things in proportion. I shall not trouble him much as soon as we get our regular rations.

G. M. KENDALL.

CAMP NEAR NEW BERNE,  
December 1, 1862.

DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER:

We have at last arrived at the town of New Berne. We have had with all our different rides a pretty hard time, yet everything is so new and exciting that we are not so tired as we should have been had we been in our old home. There is so much new that I hardly know where to begin. I suppose, however, you will want a brief account of our voyage. Our ride to Boston was, of course, an old matter; we arrived there the first of the afternoon and commenced our circuitous march through the streets, which seemed almost without number, but at last we arrived at the wharf, which was quite near the ferry of the Charlestown boats. We were kept standing there about fifteen minutes, when we were lucky enough to be the

first company on board and were quartered in the lower aft down in the bottom of the boat and so dark you could not see whether you passed a man or a post, and smelt more like a hog-pen than anything else. The whole of the afternoon was occupied in loading men, horses and goods. At a little past seven o'clock we started, and all that night and the next forenoon it was smooth as Long Pond ever was. About noon it began to grow rough and at four o'clock we were pitching too and fro in the most agreeable manner imaginable. Until then I had not felt sick, but I had to go down into my hole, bad as it was, and lie down. About dark I went up on deck, leaned over the railing and heaved up, then I felt some better, though only for a short time; again I went to my bunk and tried to go to sleep, but that was impossible. The boat rocked sideways and it was all we could do to keep in our bunks. All that night I lay awake holding on most of the time and the rest vomiting, or rather trying to vomit. We rocked about till Saturday, when we commenced running very slow and at last stopped, and were obliged to cast anchor till Sunday afternoon on account of the sand bars between us and the shore, there not being enough water for us to pass over. You can imagine we did not like it much, for I do not believe there was a man on board who was not tired, if not sick of it, within forty-eight hours after we started.

One thing was very interesting, and that was to watch the sea doves follow us and pick up the pieces of bread we would throw to them. Sunday afternoon when we passed the low swamps around Fort Macon there were hundreds of them following us. Our fare on the boat was what I call very poor, the coffee was so miserable that I would not touch it, the water it was made of, and also that we had to drink, was made from the salt water and you may be sure we did not drink too much of it. The meat was either boiled or steamed in the same water, which made it taste very curious. Two meals a day was all we had, which consisted of some of the miserable coffee and generally hard bread, and meat in the morning.

About half-past four Sunday afternoon we started from Beaufort for New Berne, passing through the most desolate country I ever saw. The pickets are stationed all along the railroad, three of them together and having a little hut made out of anything they could get, some of them of boards, some of them of logs and some of branches. We passed one company of artillery encamped in some little houses deserted by the rebels. Some of our company threw two or three newspapers to them, and those who were lucky enough to get them

were chased all over the camp to get the news. Our train would make quite a novel appearance at home as it passed at the speed of our expresses in the north, which we kept up most of the way, stopping only twice till we arrived in New Berne, over a long bridge just before entering the town. The railroad runs through the main street. After we ran into the town and stopped about half an hour, we backed down over the bridge again and after a march of about a mile and a half in the night we arrived at our camping ground, which is situated on the Trent river and the smoothest piece of ground I have ever seen in the State. There are four or five regiments encamped on the same ground, some in tents and some in barracks. We are in barracks, though they are not completed yet, and even now they are hammering on my bunk. The buildings are made to contain five hundred men, each company having a separate room. This morning was the first time I have had a chance to wash since I left Camp Wool.

C. W. HAVEN.

FOSTER BARRACKS,

NEW BERNE, N. C., December 7, 1862.

About twenty of us have just been out in the woods about a mile for fire-wood, which we brought in on an old horse-cart with a rope tied to it like a fire-engine. We always take the best wood we can find, whether in use or not. To-day we tore down an old rail fence, two or three days ago we tore down an old house for boards to make a floor with. Last week some of the soldiers tore down a brick house which used to be occupied by a slaveholder, the slaves still living in their houses near by and getting their living by doing washing for the soldiers. The brick house is used for chimneys and fire-places for our barracks. You will remember that Burnside ordered barracks to be built here some time ago, they have not been more than half built yet, the officers' quarters are not built yet, and even our quarters are not done. Those that are done are good buildings and much more handy than those in Worcester. Out of all the handsome hats we had when we left, I do not believe there are more than two hundred left in the whole regiment. While we lay at anchor two negroes came alongside our boat and had more than twenty of them in their boat; those that are left have been pushed in at the top and make quite a decent hat.

C. W. HAVEN.





MAP  
OF  
NEW BERNE & VICINITY.



SCALE OF MILES



AT STARTING. November 25, 1862.

We started between seven and eight o'clock P. M. from Battery wharf on the *Merrimac*, the *Mississippi* having the start of us of half an hour. We do not go very fast, not more than eight miles an hour. I have chosen my bunk, middle one with Fry. They are small concerns, not more than two feet high and dark as pitch. I have eaten nearly all my rations. The *Merrimac* is twenty tons more than the *Mississippi*. The latter ship has a sharper bow and is a faster sailing vessel. Wednesday morning. I woke up at four o'clock. Fry asked me if I wanted to go up on deck. I said I would, so I jumped up in the bunk as I used to over in the barracks, but my head came against the boards overhead pretty hard, so I then took my time. We came up and stumbled around awhile and then went down, as we could see land. The place is as dark as any I ever was in, cannot have any lights as there would be danger of fire or explosion. There are fifty tons of powder and one hundred and twenty-five thousand rounds of cartridges on board. We passed Fort Warren in the evening. It looked gloomy, not a light to be seen. We had a pint of coffee and a loaf of bread this morning. We passed Martha's Vineyard at ten o'clock. Saw many fishing vessels. We passed a schooner. A sailor on board of her fired a shot and some soldier on board of our steamer returned the salute. The soldiers are commencing to be sea-sick. We are sailing twelve miles an hour. I am beginning to feel somewhat sick—going down to my bunk for a lemon. One o'clock. Travelled two hundred and twenty-five miles. Passed Gay Head thirty minutes ago. Have been looking down in the room where they cook for the officers or anybody who wants to pay. The price for board is eight dollars for three days. All the officers who carry provisions do not have to pay anything. Eight and one half P. M. Went to sleep at four o'clock and now come upon deck. Ship rolls dreadfully. I am real sea-sick—been so ever since two o'clock Sunday morning. Thursday morning I was sleeping dreaming of home and when I waked up it made me mad to think where I was. I did not get over my sickness until Thursday afternoon. The place where we slept was worse than a hog-pen and such living would sicken anybody. Mud and water for coffee, sour bread, all except the hard crackers. Water full of sticks and tastes like rain water a week old—it is made of salt water condensed, and when it comes into the casks it is warm. By the way, I washed myself for the first time last night since I have been on board, for the reason that before I could

not get a chance. Yesterday we came in sight of Beaufort. About ten o'clock we anchored five miles out. The *Mississippi* a mile away. The pilot came on board and said we could not go in that day and must wait until to-day, as there was only eighteen feet of water on the bar and our vessel draws sixteen feet. We are going to cross at two o'clock.

C. F. PIERCE.

FOSTER BARRACKS, December 7, 1862.

We have a curious kind of wells here. They dig a hole in the sand near the river, put two barrels in, one on top of the other, and then let the water filter in. The time when I left off writing my last letter we had crossed the bar. We landed within an hour after that, got on board some freight cars and immediately started for New Berne, thirty-six miles distant. I never saw such country as where the railroad passes through. Where it was not swampy it was flying sand. Passed the battle-ground and rode right into the middle of the city of New Berne, and marched up to our barracks, three miles distant. We had to eat that night three hard crackers or, as we call them, hard-tacks, and a pint of coffee. All we had served daily for four days was six hard-tacks, now and then a little piece of meat, and a drink of coffee. This was just enough to make a person have a craving for something to eat. I went foraging last Thursday with a party. About the only living thing we saw was an owl. We went to three houses and a barn which had been torn down. I got a quantity of nails and lugged back three boards about five miles for our bunks. Our guns have been distributed. They are heavy concerns, weighing thirteen pounds with bayonet attached.

C. F. PIERCE.

NEW BERNE, December 1, 1862.

As we can send another mail by the *Merrimac*, I will improve the opportunity to write you from the "Sunny South," for sunny it is so far. Contrary to expectations we landed yesterday about 4½ P. M., went right on board the train with the Eighth Regiment and started at once for New Berne. We were put on platform cars, such as they carry wood on, and although the accommodations were neither spacious nor elegant we had a pleasant and to me a very short ride of not quite two hours. The officers were in box cars at the rear of the train.

We took the cars at Morehead City, opposite Beaufort, an odd-looking city which I cannot describe, but of which you can get an idea by thinking of the sandy cities in the southern part of Michigan. We passed the battle-ground where the battle was fought when New Berne was taken. The cars go right through the street, I should think the main one of New Berne, just as the horse railroad does with us. The Eighth stopped there and we were taken back across the river towards Beaufort. We landed just after crossing and marched up here. I do not know how far, but far enough for the boys who had been sick, probably three-fourths of a mile. After reaching the barracks the Forty-fifth supplied us with coffee and hard tack, after which some officers of the Forty-third took us sergeants to their tent and to a good nice supper. We are encamped on the plantation of General Branch or Bryant, I cannot learn which, who is in command of rebel forces. He owned about ten thousand acres of land and about one hundred and fifty slaves. I have just been out to the mansion, or rather where it was, for the soldiers have torn it down and broken open an old tomb on the grounds; not soldiers who are here now for it was done some time ago. At first they tore up the floors to get boards for their tents and then tore down the walls to get bricks for their chimneys. It is entirely different from our northern homes but yet very pleasant. It stands beside the river, surrounded to some extent by trees, mostly shade, with no enclosure of any kind and no outbuildings, except negro houses. I went into two of them and had some very nice sweet potato pies and some wheaten short-cake. I wish you could have heard the boys cheer every negro we passed last night and every place where it was possible for a negro to be. They cheered almost everything human, some of the white folks responded and some looked and that was all. The Twenty-fifth is almost all away but expected back soon. A sentinel fired his gun twice last night and two or three regiments turned out in order of battle. It proved to be a false alarm, but caused considerable excitement. I went out where the alarm was at noon. It is a little beyond the mansion, where the soldiers have erected a regular block-house, with a ditch, port-holes for cannon, loop-holes for musketry and preparations for a vigorous defence. The soldiers live upstairs and if the enemy succeed in getting into the lower story they can close their trap door and fire down through the floor. It reminded me of scenes described in the Pathfinder. I went on to the lookout or high tower which they have for a signal. As Stephen Greene said

about his letter, I do not know where to stop for I could write until night, but I must close.

G. E. DUNLAP.

ON BOARD THE MERRIMAC.

November 26, 1862, Wednesday, 8 o'clock A. M.

We arrived safe in Boston about 3 P. M. We did not stop any longer than to form in line and march to the wharf. The steamers were all ready to receive us and we all got aboard about four, but did not start out of the harbor until about seven; was sorry we could not wait till morning so we could have a fine view of the harbor.

You will like to know what kind of sleeping quarters we have. Our company has what is called the second cabin or lower cabin. The bunks are in tiers the same as at the barracks, three tiers high, only three sleep in a bunk instead of two, and nine in a tier. It is an awful place, the bunks are so low you cannot sit erect, and so dark you cannot see your hand before your face unless you are near the scuttle. I happened to be pretty lucky, ours is the first bunk at the foot of the stairs, so we have pretty good light. I do not bunk with Sam Fuller on board the steamer, as we were obliged to get in most anywhere. Nye and Corporal Longley sleep with me. I am up on deck this morning sitting in the aft of the steamer, writing home; it is delightful. I am not sea-sick as yet at all, presume I shall be before we land. There are quite a number sick. Sergeants Bemis and Perry are quite sick. We did not get our breakfast until eight this morning, each company waited its turn, then marched up on deck and received a loaf of bread and half a cup of coffee apiece, and that to last us all day,—that is, the bread. We shall probably have meat for dinner but no more bread.

One o'clock P. M. The sea runs very high and a good many are sea-sick. They say this is nothing to what we shall have. The boys are enjoying themselves singing, &c., on deck. I am writing this near the smoke-stack, warming my feet. I do not like to stay down below much, it is so dark and dirty, it makes me think of packing hogs, we are so close.

November 27. Arose about seven. We had a very rough night, the vessel rocked dreadfully, a great many are sea-sick. It is now half-past eight and we have not had our breakfast, do not want scarcely anything. The sea runs very high; cannot go on deck much to-day, must stay in our bunks down where it so dark we need lanterns in the daytime.

Thursday morning, Nov. 27. I am in my bunk writing, our bunk is near the hatchway so I can see quite well, but the vessel pitches so I cannot write very well. Wm. Gould was sick all day yesterday, so was Sam Fuller. It is an awful sickness, the poor boys lying around on deck with their heads over the sides, and those who are not able to get up leaning their heads over their bunks, so you can imagine how the floor looks. The wind blows fiercely.

Seven o'clock P. M. The wind has gone down and we are having a beautiful sail. We expect now, if nothing happens, to get to Beaufort to-morrow sometime. It is a splendid sight, I assure you, to look out on the broad ocean, the huge waves rolling so high as to wash over the deck.

Friday morning, Nov. 28, 8 o'clock. Had a beautiful sail last evening; a great many slept on deck. Arose about seven and washed myself with sea water, but it does not do much good. This morning we can see the *Mississippi* on our left about ten miles distant. Have not had any breakfast, will not have much but bread and sea water freshened by steam. They sell pies, very small, for 37 cents apiece. I think it is too bad to take advantage so of the poor soldiers.

Two o'clock P. M. We are putting on all steam, as the *Mississippi* is on our right, and we are trying to get in first; if we do not we shall be obliged to stay in the boat a day longer. I shall be glad when we land—down here in this dark hole. I am not used to such fare and we can get scarcely anything to eat for love or money. I am writing in my bunk alone. I cannot tell when we shall near the harbor, some tell one story and some another. We are going at the rate of sixteen miles per hour.

Saturday morning, Nov. 29. Had a good night to sail. It was a little rougher than the preceding. We can see land, but shall probably be obliged to sleep on board another night, as they cannot get inside of the bar.

Quarter-past eleven A. M. We still lie outside of the bar, do not know when we shall be piloted in. We have been lying at anchor all day. A pilot came on board this morning to take us into the harbor, but the wind is not right, so we must wait until to-morrow.

Sunday morning, Nov. 30. We are still on board about ten miles from the harbor, expecting to go in to-day. The boys are getting uneasy, we have been on the water so long and can see land but cannot go ashore. I have washed myself but twice since I started, but never mind, we shall get to shore some time and then can clean up.

We do not get breakfast until nearly ten o'clock and dinner about three P. M., two meals a day and poor enough at that. Coffee made from sea water condensed, two crackers and a small piece of steamed fresh meat. The sailors have some small apples on board which they sell for five or six cents apiece.

Monday morning, Dec. 1. Thanks to a kind Providence we are safe and sound in New Berne. We left the old boat last night at ten minutes past four and arrived here about eight o'clock in the evening. The Eighth Mass. regiment which went on the *Mississippi* came on the same train. They got into port a little before we did. We landed at a place called Morehead City. Had only to step from the boat into the cars. The cars were used for wood and cattle trains, the officers took the cattle trains which were the only ones which were covered. I have just taken my tin cup full of coffee and will now resume my writing. We ran up into the city of New Berne, the cars running right through the middle of the city. It was a splendid evening, the moon shone so bright, and it is much warmer here than in old Massachusetts. We stopped about half an hour, when we backed down from the city half a mile or so, got off, formed in line, and were obliged to march a mile before we came to our barracks, which are to become our quarters for the present. The Forty-fifth Mass. regiment received us, the band playing splendidly for us. They also treated us with coffee and hard bread. The barracks are long buildings and will accommodate five companies each. They are separated by partitions, so that each company is alone. I slept on the floor last night. We are about two miles from New Berne. I cannot realize I am in Dixie. Everything is wreck and ruin, no ambition nor thrift anywhere. Where we are is mostly land of yellow pine. They look like our scrub pines at home. There are mostly woods all around us. We wash in the Trent river and drink its water, which is filtered through sand. There are two other regiments close by us—the Forty-third and Forty-fifth Massachusetts.

Tuesday, Dec. 2. Another lovely day. The sunny South, of which I have heard so much, I now see. We did not drill but went around over the plantation. Went down the river to see the ruins of the former owner's house, which was brick and has been torn down to build our chimneys with. There are two or three buildings back of this occupied by slaves. We visited them and got some hoe-cakes. Everything is very high here. The negroes are as thick as fleas selling pies and sweet potatoes. I have just been helping fetch our guns over to the barracks. Our baggage has all come now. They



were carting from the depot all night. It will take some time to get settled.

Wednesday, Dec. 3. Was on guard to-day for the first time in Dixie. We have not our guns, but take sticks, the best weapons we have at present. Are obliged to stay in the guard-house, one tent for each relief. I slept in the tent on the ground with the exception of a few spruce boughs under me.

Thursday, Dec. 4. It rained yesterday but cleared off in the night and is very warm and pleasant. Came off guard duty at nine A. M., took my breakfast and went down to the river and washed myself and my dishes. Every man is obliged to wash his own. We were all very busy getting settled down. The sutler started to-day.

Friday, Dec. 5. It rained all the forenoon. In the afternoon went off foraging for wood. There is plenty here but it is some work to cut it and carry it to the barracks. We cook all our victuals over a fire in the open air. The drums beat at seven P. M., when all are required to stay inside of the barracks. Have not drilled since we came.

Saturday, Dec. 6. Arose a little after six, roll-call at half-past. Had our guns delivered to us to-day. We drilled about half an hour to-day for the first time.

Sunday, Dec. 7. Pleasant but very cold. Inspection at eight A. M. It did not seem like our quiet New England sabbath. I was detailed to help clean up around the building.

Monday, Dec. 8. It was very cold for this climate, the river was frozen around the edges. Drilled all day. Had a meeting in the barracks for prayers, which are to continue fifteen minutes every night. It was the first we have had since we came here.

C. A. MOORE.

FOSTER BARRACKS, December 8, 1862.

I suppose you want to hear something of our voyage and situation here. After the victims were packed and everything ship-shape we steamed out of the harbor, and were on our way at 7 o'clock P. M. The wind and water began to grow rough; we got through the night somehow; quite rough next morning. Pretty soon some few began to grow pale and wear a very anxious look, and before long were over the ship's side paying due tribute to the god of the stormy seas. So we passed the day, some "so sick," others enjoying the thing, myself among the latter. By Thursday noon there was about as

miserable a load on board as could be possible to imagine. I expected when I saw everybody, almost, coming down, both great and small, to have a loud call in that direction myself, but owing, I suppose, to some superior arrangement of my internal system, I escaped the rendering up. I told you in my hasty scrawl, written on board the steamer, what a dirty, miserable, hungry time we had of it as a voyage.

Sunday afternoon we got over the bar, having waited the action of the wind and tide all day on Saturday. Towards night we landed on the wharf, going over the decks of the *Mississippi*, which lay between us and the wharf, marched through the depot, which is built on the wharf, and were together with the Eighth regiment loaded on wood cars and away to New Berne. The country we passed through looked sandy, and barren marshes and swamps were abundant, here and there a negro hut with all the negroes out bowing and scraping, waving their hats and the children yelling like mad. Then further up a camp-fire of soldiers on picket duty, all turning out to welcome with cheers their newly made brothers coming to their share in the struggle for the Union; then we passed the rough battle-field of New Berne, getting an imperfect view in the dim twilight of trees cut down and trenches dug, then a long embankment thrown up, extending from the railroad down to the river. At last we passed over the long bridge into the city, or town, I do not know which, of New Berne. The cars stopped at last in the streets of New Berne and were surrounded by a motley crew I assure you, soldiers and negroes principally. Pretty soon I heard some one enquiring for Charley Maynard, and lo, Charley Bartlett presented himself—I guess I was glad to see him,—then Charlie Kendall came, then Sidney Phillips, till I felt as if I had reached home. The Eighth regiment unloaded there and went through the town to where the Forty-sixth were encamped, and the train with us on board backed out of the town over the bridge, and we unloaded and were marched up where we now are in barracks; the Cadet regiment beside us and the Forty-third and Twenty-seventh regiments around us. We are on a plantation situated on the banks of the Trent river, with a large parade-ground. We have very fair water. We take and fill our canteens and let it stand in them a day or two and it is really very good indeed. The first day or two discipline was lax and guard was nowhere, the boys improved them by excursions in the surrounding country. Sergeant Miller, Moses and myself took a grand tramp, went all over the battle field of New Berne, walked down on the top of the breast-

works which extend for over a mile and terminate in a fort which commands the river, and, folks, you never can imagine a true picture of a battle-field till you see one ; all is desolation for miles, trees cut down, burnt and blackened stumps, knapsacks worn and torn, broken canteens, breeches of guns, in the woods trees scarred and torn with bullets and balls, ground torn up, the fort a big hole, sand bags piled around in grand confusion, timbers on end ; but I cannot begin to tell you all. I send you a relic in the shape of a shaving of leather cut from an old knapsack. I have also a bullet that I dug from a tree. I should like to tell you more but have not time. The boys of the Twenty-fifth that remain here (most of them are up at Plymouth on picket) come over here every day. I must close now, as I have got to go on dress parade.

C. L. MAYNARD.

FOSTER BARRACKS, January 11, 1863.

We are having beautiful weather, have just had a little rain to-day ; the weather is warm and sunny like an April day in the north. I suppose you are freezing at home. Mother asks how we live. The food we get is pretty tough, but we live on it. We buy syrup of the sutler and get meal in the city and make puddings in our cups which we think is pretty tall feed. I haven't done much darning yet, though I sewed my overcoat pretty much all over and put a patch on my pants and sewed my buttons over. I find I do not dislike to mend at all, do it pretty well I think. As a cook my ability is not to be questioned. We have got to living very comfortably since the last expedish. Just commenced having prayer meetings in the quarters after roll-call at night. We have to drill hard. Go on guard. There are three companies on picket besides the detail of six from each company daily to go out along the river.

C. L. MAYNARD.

FOSTER BARRACKS.

NEW BERNE, N. C., Tuesday, Jan. 27, 1863.

You ask me what I am doing and where I am. As I am unable to tell you where I was on that day I will tell you my present whereabouts and occupations. Imagine me then on the edge of the bunk, legs over the side, big board in my lap writing to the folks at home. I will state the duties of the day. Roll-call 6.30. Breakfast. Guard mounting 8.30. Drill from 9 to 11.30. Dinner 12. Battalion or

brigade drill from 1.30 to 4. Dress parade 4.30. Supper. Roll-call 7.30. And our duties or rather our labors of the day are over. Taps at 9 P. M., when all lights must be extinguished. So you see our time is extremely limited.

At the present time it takes nearly all the company for guard, picket and fatigue duty; nine men for guard, six for picket and eight for fatigue duty. General Foster is fortifying New Berne, digging rifle pits, &c. Our detail is for that purpose. The great expedition is expected to start every day. We are leading a very comfortable life here, that is, comfortable for a soldier. We have soft bread every three days, fresh meat the same, other rations consist of beans and rice occasionally, hard-tack semi-occasionally and more too. My amusements are so few I can easily relate the sum total: Get up in the morning, and immediately after roll-call go down to the river and go through with my usual ablutions—back again in time for breakfast. After breakfast take a smoke, cleaning my gun and equipments, at the same time arranging my bunk. This consumes the time before drill. At noon we have scarcely any time and are busy until after dress parade. Supper finished we feel our own men, then we fill the pipe of comfort and our crowd either pile into one bunk to have a talk of home or settle down to a euchre, which is a great game with us. It may astonish you to hear of me, and from myself, as a smoker, but it is highly recommended by all surgeons out here as a preventative against those congestive chills, which are carrying away so many of our boys, and also other diseases of this climate; our regimental surgeon prescribes it for us and the other night at the dress parade of the Forty-fifth, in barracks next to ours, it was strongly recommended that every man should smoke. I forgot to mention a new regulation just come in force,—quinine and whisky is to be administered to every man, whether he will or no, every morning before breakfast,—that is for the chills. I forgot to mention one great privilege we have, that is evening prayer meetings every evening after roll-call, a meeting in our room led in turn by some member of the company. Some one reads a chapter in the Bible, then we have a prayer and close with a hymn. The boxes have not arrived yet, we are anxiously expecting them though some fear they were lost in the storm. I wonder if you received the letter I wrote in which I named the things I wanted. Please let me know how many letters you have received from me. You cannot have received all I have written. When you next write send me some postage stamps and some money. I wore shoes on the expedish. I manage by the most strenuous exertions to keep clean.

One of the company washes for the boys at ten cents a change, which relieves me from a disagreeable necessity. As for mending I take pleasure in it, stockings and all. I keep all my clothes mended strongly if not neatly. As for sweet potatoes, I had my fill while on the expedish, and can have them now by buying them, they cost about seventy-five cents a bushel. Oysters thirty cents per quart. I can make as good a cup of tea or coffee and cook as nice beefsteak with roasted sweet potatoes as you can; with no condiments but sugar and salt, with a few coals for a stove and my tin plate and cup for cooking utensils to be used to set our table with afterwards. If you doubt my ability we will try it when I get home.

C. L. MAYNARD.

NEW-BERNE, February 15, 1863.

I received your letters Friday night. I was very tired that night and had gone to bed, and was lying over the side of my bunk watching a game of euchre, which Lieutenant Bigelow and three of the boys were playing, when the mail was brought in that you sent by Oliver Shattuck. I was very glad to hear the regular mail had been distributed by which I got three letters, so I was well off. The money got here all right, five dollars, the knife and scissors which I received somehow or other. I enjoy myself right well. Yesterday we had a game of ball into which the Major entered heartily as any one, as did Captain Wheeler and Lieutenant Winslow. To-day the two of our companies, F and B, that were doing picket duty on the railroad were replaced by E and H. This afternoon we were treated to a sermon by Mr. James, who preached to us by the invitation of our chaplain. I am very glad you are getting another box ready for me. There is one thing I wish you would send, that is some mince pies. Send me some of that sheet gingerbread you sent before, it went just splendid, also some more sugar, more than before, butter likewise, and do not forget the jelly or preserves. You can imagine how such things would help you to make out a supper of hard-tack and tea without milk or much sugar after an afternoon's hard drill. A little sauce or butter does not go bad. You must send me two or three quires of letter paper, some envelopes also. The dried apples I made a little sauce of them yesterday, which went very well at supper time with my hard-tack.

Henry Kendall and Ed. Bliss are quite sick, though Kendall is pronounced out of danger. I believe there are a great many sick with a very dangerous fever. It takes them very suddenly and but little can

be done for them. The only preventatives are quinine and whisky, smoking tobacco freely and keeping out of the night air. When I am on guard or being called out of a sound sleep and go on to my beat, before long I can feel a cold chill coming on me, then I fill my pipe and go to smoking. I drive off the uncomfortable feeling. I always make it a point of smoking when I am in the night air. Henry Longley was on guard, the next beat to mine, the night he was taken. As I lit my pipe he remarked that he hadn't smoked as much as usual lately and that his head ached. In about two hours he was obliged to go in to the barracks. In two days the surgeon said there was no hope for him, but he is alive yet, and that's the way with most of them.

As for the cost of things at sutler's prices, butter 40 cents, brown sugar 20, syrup 25 cents a quart and everything in that proportion. The water is bad; I drink little or none of it. I save my coffee and drink that when it gets warm. I was never better or happier than now. Hope I shall keep so. You can hustle the box along as soon as convenient. If you knew how much these boxes bring, you would be sending eleven times a week.

C. L. MAYNARD.

FOSTER BARRACKS,  
NEW BERNE, February 5, 1863.

DEAR FOLKS:

I am writing this before breakfast and just after whisky rations, with fingers so stiff I can hardly use them. Lieutenant Bigelow just told me I could have a few small articles sent in his box, so I write to let you know what I want. I do not suppose you can send all I want, but will write you a list so you can send some at the time. Writing paper, envelopes, a big stock of them too, two packages of composition, a small steel burnisher, chamois skin, piece of castile soap, stockings, a good tooth brush, send this sure, two pair of scissors, a silk handkerchief, a two-bladed pocket-knife, a bottle of ink, package of prepared cocoa. This is all I think of at present. You must send what you can and let the rest go. Perhaps you can send all.

C. L. MAYNARD.

FOSTER BARRACKS, February 27, 1863.

DEAR FOLKS:

This regiment has just returned from a small excursion along the Trent road, three miles this side of what is called Deep

Gully, where our farthest picket post is stationed. We went there last Saturday in light marching order, one day's cooked rations in our haversacks, five in wagons. The original idea was to get the regiment out of the way and then fix the barracks over, as Colonel Jones had made a request for reinforcements to the picket on that road. We were sent up but it was found that the barracks could not be fixed as intended, so we were recalled to go to Beaufort, which put the boys in a jolly state of mind, I assure you. We have had a splendid time at Camp Studley. We slept on the ground, but were furnished with shelter tents which consist of a piece of stout drilling about five feet square, with a set of buttons on all sides so we could take four or them, button them together, plant two croched sticks about ten feet apart, throw a pole on them, then stretch our square of cloth over, pin the sides to the ground with stakes and then we have a tent for four. We cut a lot of grass to sleep on. I spent the laziest week I have had in N. C. It rained three nights and two days, so we had a chance to get a little damp. We were not allowed to build fires or burn candles after 7½ o'clock in the evening for fear of the rebs., so we went to bed at that time and staid there too for one twelve hours, sleeping like pigs in the straw. Last night Co. C was selected to go on picket in Deep Gully, but as Lieutenant Bigelow was on guard Co. F was detailed instead, and as it rained all night they had a miserable time of it.

C. L. MAYNARD.

## GOLDSBORO MARCH.

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FOSTER BARRACKS,  
NEW BERNE, December 22, 1862.

We got back into the barracks yesterday, Sunday, having been gone nearly eleven days, on ten of which we were marching nearly all the time. Slept on the ground every night with no covering, except a woollen and rubber blanket. I took a negro with me to carry my bundle, but he troubled me with being out of the way when I wanted him and was gone one night with my blankets, until finally he left too, leaving behind my things, which was fortunate for me as they are too good to lose. Next time we go I shall leave these behind and take such as I can get from the quartermaster. The second night out our regiment was left to guard a bridge and secure a retreat in case we were defeated. So the first battle or skirmish, which was at Kinston, passed without our participating in it. We followed on after the column, consisting upwards of 20,000 men, composed of infantry, cavalry and artillery, to a small village called Whitehall, where we were almost in the fight. It was a hot one and soon over. We captured several pieces of artillery and drove the rebels off. It was a sad sight to see the wounded brought past us as we lay on the ground, with bayonets fixed ready for a charge, the shot and shell flying over our heads, while every now and then a piece would strike very near us. A man within three feet of me had his tin cup hit with a ball, and another in front of John had a piece of shell pass through his overcoat. We then went on to Goldsboro, or within a mile of the town, and had another skirmish. We had no larger game to kill than pigs, geese and chickens, which had to suffer considerably, I assure you. All foraging was strictly forbidden before we started, but coming back our commissary was short, so small parties were organized to procure such fresh meat as they could find, which led to individuals getting off and doing what they could to plunder whatever they could lay their hands on. I got a chance on a rest at noon to go to a house nearly a mile off, which I found entirely deserted and all the furniture removed



by the owner, except a marble top table. It belonged to John C. Wooden, who has been a member of Congress from North Carolina to the Confederate government. A negro went with us, Sergeant Miller and myself, and all we could get was nearly twenty-five pounds of honey which we took from two hives. I got stung once and Sergeant Miller three times. The honey went off quick after we got back to our place of rest. The plantations here are generally over a mile apart and this one where we got the honey was altogether the best one I have seen. Nearly all the people who ever lived here were poor and their houses are not so good as I would have for a pig-pen, being built of rough logs and chimneys of sticks laid up in cob house style, plastered with mud. Our march back was done in a day and a half less time than that up, and the sight of these barracks made every heart glad, for now we can have at least a few days' rest. I never saw so black white men as we were. Our camp-fires at night were made of pine fence rails and the smoke from them blackened our whole bodies. I washed my face never more than once a day and sometime once in two days. The water we had to drink was got from the side of the road or a creek that came from some dismal swamp. Nearly all started in good spirits and were glad to go, and I can say that all returned fully satisfied that the remainder of their period of service should pass in camp.

L. H. BIGELOW.

NEW BERNE, December 25, 1862.

We have just got back from an expedition upon which we started on the 11th. We formed line at 5 o'clock in the morning and started for New Berne, where all the force was collected, which consisted of three brigades, 15,000 infantry, a regiment of cavalry and 50 pieces of artillery. We were on the left of the first brigade, which was commanded by General Amory. General Foster commanded the whole expedition. We started from New Berne at 10 o'clock. We marched about 15 miles that day. I thought I had a hard time that day, but I will show you I had a very easy time compared with some of the other days. We had orders to be under light marching order, which is to have two blankets, three days' rations in your haversack, canteen and overcoat, which all weighed 20 pounds, also 50 rounds of cartridges weighing 4 or 5 pounds. The first day's march was a pretty hard march to some of the boys; a great many of them fell out, myself amongst the rest. Our camping ground was on a side-hill; right down in a hollow below the road was filled up with trees for the space of a half a mile by the

rebels. This was done to impede the progress of our artillery. It took the pioneers all night to clear the road. We went into camp about 7 o'clock in the evening. I tell you I thought of home.

Friday, 12th. I was on guard last night; I got about six hours' sleep. We had coffee and sugar dealt out. I tried to make some coffee but I made sorry work of it. We started away from camp at 8 o'clock and marched eight miles. It seemed twenty miles. We passed many wounded and dead rebels. One rebel was shot through the head. One of our cavalry ordered the rebel cavalryman to surrender, who said he would; when our man got up near the rebel raised his carbine and fired, this was more than our man could stand, so he fired and shot the rebel through the head. He was dying when we passed. The rebels tried to blow up a bridge, which hindered us so we could not march farther. We encamped just the further side of it. I made coffee a little better this time.

Saturday, 13th. We are going to stay here to-day. We are now in what would be called rebeldom. I went out this morning with Lavarty. We scared up a hog; chased it around for about half an hour, when Lavarty caught her by the tail when going between two trees; he hollered for me, I came and caught her by the hind legs. We hauled her out part way when Lavarty tried to stick her with his sabre, his being so dull he took mine, which killed her. We have twenty-three rebel prisoners; amongst them are a lieutenant, orderly and corporal, the rest are privates from South Carolina and Georgia regiments.

Sunday, 14th. Our company was detailed to guard the rebel prisoners and baggage of our regiment. The first platoon for the former and second platoon for the latter. Guarding of a baggage train is one of the difficult things on a march. One of the wagons will get stuck in the mud and will cause the others to stop and when they start they will have to trot their horses to catch up with the regiment. We either went double-quick or between a walk and a trot for two-thirds of the day. We halted for awhile about seven miles from Kinston, where the regiment had halted, when orders came for us to march into the town where there had been a severe fight with the rebels. It was as dark as Erebus and we as tired as anybody could be, and then the seven long miles, half the way of which was through mud and water four or five inches deep. We could not pick a way because we did not have time, and then we were liable to step into a deeper hole. I was wet half way up to my waist. The baggage halted on the banks of the Neuse on a part of the battle-field, and right side of

a hospital full of wounded, dead and dying. This march was as hard as any days we had. One of our men, Ben Carrico, fell down on the side of the road senseless, perfectly exhausted. He afterwards was carried to a hospital. Fry thought he could not keep up without his load was lightened, so he flung away his blanket,—woollen one. We expected some rebel cavalry would be coming down on us, so at one time when we were waiting for the baggage train to go along and were lying on the ground, Hines said there were twenty cavalymen coming at full speed, we all thought they were rebels, so we jumped up quick and formed a line and began to unbutton our cap boxes, but when the men got near enough we found they were ours. This was all done in half of the time it takes me to write about it. We camped right side of a bridge over the Neuse, two-thirds as long as Long Pond causeway. When the rebels retreated across the bridge they tried to set fire to it. A man had some cotton and camphene which he lit and threw on the bridge. He was soon ended, shot through the head. Then some of his cotton right side of him and his clothes took fire and he was roasted even to a blackness. Some of the boys went down to see him; they thought it was quite a sight and so I did, but before we got through the expedition it became a common sight to see a dead man.

Monday, 15th. We marched over to the regiment this morning about two miles distant and had rations of hard-tack, coffee and sugar served out to us. About half an hour after we had been over there we started off with the regiment towards Whitehall. We had no idea at the time where we were going; we all thought we were going into battle that day, so I threw away my woollen blanket and before we had marched three hours as much as half of the company had thrown away their blankets. There were some that fell out before they had marched five miles, amongst our company were five or six. There was a considerable lot of foraging done to-day; applejack and chickens were plenty. I did not get any. In the evening I went over to a house near where we camped and got some sweet potatoes. One time when we rested General Foster passed through the lines; we were prepared for him, so we gave three rousing cheers. I marched three hours barefoot, because we had such nice walking. You can go a mile without seeing a stone.

Tuesday, 16th. I got a half-pound of fresh pork to eat from Captain Wood's servant who had been killing a secession pig. Last night the cavalry had a fight with the rebels; they destroyed the bridge across the river Neuse. We started this morning at 7 o'clock.

We had been marching about half an hour when we began to hear cannon; they sounded very near. We all thought we were going into battle sure. We marched about two hours when we came up to where the battle was; we were ordered to open to the right and left to let pass some batteries which were going at a dead run. It began to seem like war. We were ordered to cap our pieces. To tell the plain and honest truth I was somewhat afraid; it made me think of home, but still I wanted to go into action. It seemed like a Fourth of July on a grand scale. Soon we came to where we could see the cannon playing. There was a continual roar for the space of two hours. It was principally an artillery fight. We were ordered into line in the middle of a cleared lot and to lie down. This place was quite dangerous, balls flying not more than ten feet above our heads. Then we were to march down near some woods to defend battery K. Here we were ordered again to lie down. I then had a good chance to view the fight. Between us and the rebels there were woods. The rebels had very strong fortifications just the other side of the river. I tell you to see the wounded and dead brought along was a dreadful sight. One of the artillery boys had both hands shot off. There was an artillery horse killed not more than thirty feet from me. Litters passing by covered with human blood, the roar of the cannon, volleys of musketry, men riding at break-neck speed, the sound of the bugles giving off orders made the most exciting scene I ever witnessed in my life. Tom Gilbert, in our company, had his dish struck by a spent ball. Two fellows in the Blackstone company were struck by the same kind of balls. It knocked one down senseless; the other it took the cloth off the shoulder of his coat, leaving only a few threads. We had a pretty lively time for a little while. We did not go into action but were drawn up in line of battle. General Foster was near us for some time. We started away from here at about 2 o'clock. I thought we were going to charge on the rebels by going across the river. It was just what I wanted to come to pass, because I have heard a great deal about them and wanted to see what it was. Contrary to my expectations we did not, but kept on marching until we halted about ten miles from there towards Goldsboro. I made some coffee. I got wind of where there were some sweet potatoes; I went after some about 10 o'clock, which I cooked with my fresh pork and then had a pretty good meal. I pretty nearly froze, all I had was my rubber blanket. The nights during the march were very cold. I slept warm only one night during the march.

Wednesday, 17th. Our regiment is detailed to-day to guard the baggage train. We all thought the rebels would be attacking the train. There was a fight going on up at Goldsboro. We could hear the booming of the cannon. The Forty-third, who were behind us, were ordered down on a road in the direction of Whitehall with a company of cavalry. We marched very slow and nothing of importance happened on going up. We got within a mile and a half of where the fight was when orders came for the baggage train to turn around and go back. We had the same orders too after we had marched a half a mile. We were drawn up in regimental line and let the train pass through. Soldiers that came along said we had accomplished our object, namely, destroying the railroad and the bridges. We marched back nearly ten miles, and when we got back ready to stack arms orders came for us to march back to Goldsboro to support a battery. It then was 7 o'clock in the evening; we were all tired, hungry and sleepy. I did not have a hard-tack or water; I had only five hard-tack for all day. I asked Fry to let me have a little piece of bread, he said he had not got any hard-tack or water. I then realized the full force of those words, "There is no place like home." All around us were great pitch pine trees and dry grass burning. It was almost light enough to read. We marched about three and a half miles when we met the battery and we then turned around and went back. We marched very fast. I did not think we had gone more than a mile and a half, but it seemed three times as long as going up. Fry came up to me and said, "Let us go ahead and get some sweet potatoes at an old woman's house." We went and got as much as half a bushel of them. We sat up half of the night cooking them when we got back to camp.

Thursday, 18th. We started from camp before sunrise; passed our last camping ground in about half an hour after starting. We would march a short distance and then halt to let artillery pass. It was quite a cold morning, so I thought I would get ahead. I managed to get past the file closers and made out to keep ahead all day. I had the most fun to-day of any day on the march. I was determined to get some kind of a trophy to-day and to get enough to eat. The first house that I came to had been pretty well ransacked. I got a Loomis' Algebra and Pineo Grammar and a letter from a rebel lieutenant to his mother I flung away the books to make way for some sweet potatoes. I threw away the letter accidentally, as it was in one of the books. Fry had read it and he has told me just now that it dated from Richmond and said the writer had been promoted from a 3d lieutenant to a 1st lieutenant, and he wanted a new pair of boots, that the pair he had bought

at Goldsboro were worn out. The next house I came across was near Whitehall. I went down near the negro cabins where I found as much as 200 bushels of sweet potatoes. I went down for chickens but could not find any. Came across an old woman who said that massa had left her here to take care of the children. In the house was a lounge covered with blood and on the floor was a great puddle too. Probably somebody was brought in at the time of the battle. About two miles from there was the hospital for the wounded. About half a mile beyond I stopped and baked potatoes and ate them. The next place I stopped there was a large number of books. I wished I could have brought some of them along, but it would have been too much of a lug for I was as much as fifty miles from home. I had just stolen a ride of about three miles on the back of a feed wagon; I was pretty well jounced up, tore my haversack, bent my plate nearly double. The next place I stopped belonged to a rebel lieutenant; this and the last were places of refinement. I got an Arabian Nights and a splendid vase. I gave the vase to a man who was driving a baggage wagon for the Forty-third; that was the last I ever saw of it. I got a secession almanac of this year. I came up to one house pretty hungry and was determined to have some meat, so I hunted around and found some meat in a little house. There were some soldiers up there who had begun to cook some sweet potatoes, so I flung in my meat and cooked it with some potatoes. We had to walk as much as eight miles before we camped, which was between 6 and 7 o'clock in the evening. I was two or three miles ahead of the regiment. I came up with some of the Twenty-fifth, who gave me some fresh pork which they had foraged. I cooked this with my sweet potatoes for supper. The regiment came up to me, so I fell in and marched to where we stacked arms; laid my blanket down and went right to sleep and in that way missed getting my four hard-tack which we were to have for to-morrow. I woke up at half past ten o'clock and could not go to sleep after that because I was so cold. I cooked all my sweet potatoes.

Friday, 19. I washed myself this morning. I made out to get off some of the dirt; I was about the color of the ace of spades. I wish we all could have marched through Main Street, Worcester. We went through Kinston about 10.30 o'clock. We marched on the Trent road instead of going the old crooked backway road that we came up on. By going this way we saved 7 miles travel. The rebels expected we would come up this way, but the cavalry found out we could come up that way, so we took the old road. If we had gone that way the rebels would have cut us all in pieces, as we cut some of

their regiments at Goldsboro. There were fortifications that commanded the road for miles. We halted this afternoon about 4 o'clock. I got two rails and then started over to a house about half a mile away to see what I could get. All I could find was a few peeping chickens, I let them go. Just then the guard came up and ordered me off. I went to an out-house where I got three or four bushels of corn husks in my coat and carried them to camp for Charles and myself to sleep on. We halted about four miles this side of Kinston to wait for some fellows who had gone to unload some hard-tack, coffee and sugar. The quartermaster had entirely got out of rations, so he had a ship load sent up to Kinston during that time. Our second lieutenant went off and got two pails full of honey-comb out of a tree, which he gave to the boys.

Saturday, 20th. We started away from camp by 7 o'clock in the morning. We passed by near where our second camping-ground was at the bridge about 9 o'clock, passed the first at 1 o'clock. The soldiers fell out in great numbers to-day. I kept up until half-past three when they had a halt. I was very tired; my pants and feet were wet. By stopping it stiffened my limbs so I could but just walk. I fell behind and when along opposite a house which set up next to some woods I went up there. The old man said he had protection papers from General Foster. We were near our pickets. Two old men, soldiers, came up just then and they believed it, so I thought it must be so. They said he must give them some salt pork or they would have to take some chickens. That was said more to scare him than anything. He went into the house and gave them about a half-pound of salt pork and me about the same. One of the men saw some sausages that had not been divided as they are done up and he said I guess I will take one, I thought so too and took one about  $2\frac{1}{2}$  feet long; then we left. I met a man who had some fresh pork with whom I swapped some of my salt pork. By this adventure I had a nice supper and breakfast. There were only ten in the company when they went into camp, the rest had fallen out, but came along in one at a time. I was one of the stragglers.

Sunday, 21st. My feet are all blisters and swollen. This is the reason why I could not keep up yesterday. The regiment reached their quarters in the first part of the afternoon. Fry and I did not get in till an hour later. I tell you it was a most welcome sight when I viewed the barracks.

C. F. PIERCE.

NEWBERN, December 31, 1862.

DEAR FRIENDS:

Since I last wrote to you I have been on one of the many expeditions which are concocted in the department. We went up the Neuse river road as far as Goldsboro for the purpose of destroying the railroads and telegraph, and thus cut off communication with the rebels at Richmond. We accomplished our object, stopping on our way to reduce Kinston and Whitehall, the former a place of some importance on the Neuse river and tolerably well defended. At Kinston our advance, consisting of the Ninth New Jersey, Tenth Conn., One Hundred and Third New York, and Forty-fifth Mass., had as fierce a battle, so say the Twenty-fifth Mass., as was required to take New Berne. Our loss was quite small, considering the briskness of the fire which was kept up for five hours almost without cessation, there being 200 killed, wounded and missing. The reason of the easy conquest was that we approached them from a most unexpected quarter. The road we went up must be eight or ten miles further and more difficult to travel than the Neuse road, by which they evidently looked for us, having made extensive preparations in the way of breastworks and rifle pits for our reception. They made their next stand at a bridge across the Neuse at a small village called Whitehall. The road lay very near the river and it was necessary to dislodge them or be harassed by a cross-fire during the passage. The battle lasted about four hours and it was fierce cannonading all the time; it was truly tremendous and harmless in proportion. The fight commenced about 10 A. M. and about 2 P. M. the rebels took up their howling stampede for Goldsboro, that being on this occasion their last ditch. It was not General Foster's intention to attack them there, his force not being sufficient. Accordingly after tearing up four or five miles of railroad and burning two large bridges we turned our faces towards New Berne. I did not experience so much fatigue at any time on the march out as I did on the return. We fell short of provisions and were obliged to make long and rapid marches to come out even. I liked it on one account as it gave us an opportunity to live on the enemy, and we did forage unmercifully, taking everything available, both animal and vegetable. One man said we damaged him \$5,000 worth. We would liked to have damaged him more but we could not see how. All the time we were out we had all the sweet potatoes we could eat; on some plantations recently vacated we found two or three hundred bushels, I should think. The cavalry being in the advance







all the time got nearly all the poultry. I threw away my blanket as it was so heavy, and slept cool in consequence several nights, thereby reaping one of my slight colds, but received no other injury beyond sore feet. I kept the barracks awake by my barking a few nights after my return. I have drawn another blanket which I have sworn to hang to. I cannot say that I saw any rougher times than I expected, for at no time did we go through water above our knees and we had a fire to sleep by every night. It took the enthusiasm out of a great many however. Our first march was hard, so said even the old regiments, but I think it might have been harder.

C. B. FRY.

NEW BERNE, December 30, 1862.

The night before the battle we encamped about half a dozen miles from Whitehall. Early the next morning we started on the march. It was pleasant, the air was fresh and invigorating. We were toiling along under our heavy burdens over a sandy road, looking forward every few moments for a halt of the column so we might enjoy the luxury of a rest, when suddenly a report of a cannon some distance to the front told us our advance had encountered the enemy. What a thrill runs through our hearts at that first discharge, as thicker and faster comes the roar of the guns, each man's spirit and enthusiasm rise in proportion. We no longer think of our heavy load and weary limbs, but listened with anxious hearts to the approaching struggle. The noise and din of the strife becomes more distinct every moment. We halted a moment by the roadside to allow some artillery which was in the rear to come to the front, with their horses upon the gallop they came thundering down the hill through our ranks and were soon lost to view behind the woods. We were already loaded and our Colonel gave the order to prime. We then started down the road, at the bottom of which there was a large brook and beyond it the open field where our artillery was firing with great rapidity. It did not take us long to cross the stream and then we marched out upon the plain. I thought at first we were to go along under cover of the woods between the batteries of friend and foe, but soon we counter-marched and faced the woods on the right. We now fixed bayonets and advanced towards the woods, I thought now that we were either to ford the river or cross the bridge, either of which would have been death to many of us. Again I had guessed wrong, for when we reached the woods we halted, lay down and hugged the ground with a

wonderful fondness for the missiles of death were flying thick and fast. I turned my head in the direction of our batteries just in season to see a ball strike a horse in the leg, and leaping and jumping upon three legs the poor beast soon fell to the ground. The stretchers with their dying freight were being hurried by to the rear. A lieutenant with an arm all shattered and bleeding came staggering along without aid with the most sorrowful and miserable countenance I ever saw. A poor private with a broken leg with two assistants also passed, and another with a wound in the head, and one by one they came with bleeding wounds. I turned from the sight with a shudder just in time to see a piece of a shell strike a few feet in front of me. The battle still raged but one could see that the discharges were less frequent. Down by the river some houses were in flames, adding grandeur to the scene. Behind the burning houses I could see one of our signal corps waving his flag and signaling with one a little to the left of us. During the whole battle our troops were passing behind our batteries on towards Goldsboro. Soon the battle slackened and the artillery drew off; the infantry kept up a scattering fire which was faintly returned. We now moved off from the field and followed the rest, but in doing so two of the regiment were wounded. The battle raged about four hours. There were not many troops in it, but though small it was a fierce fight.

L. L. HICKS.

Camp of the 51st Reg. guarding a bridge on the road to Kinston.

December 13, 1862.

I seize the first opportunity of writing that I have had since my last letter.

Thursday morning we started about six o'clock, marched into New Berne to take part in the great expedition consisting of about 20,000 men, a large force of both cavalry and artillery. We marched about 17 miles on the Trenton road, making 20 for us that were encamped the other side of the river.

I assure you it was tough, we were in what they call light marching order, that means our blankets, haversacks and canteens with three days' rations and 50 rounds of cartridges, which with guns make no light load.

The men would lag and drop behind and lie down almost entirely exhausted, with sore feet and aching shoulders. We camped in a large level piece well tired out, every man; as for Moses and myself, we stood it remarkably. I never imagined I could do as much as I went

through that day. We went to the fences and got rails, then built rousing fires, and made our supper of hard crackers and beef. We spread one rubber blanket on the ground and a woollen one over that,—lay down feet to the fire and spreading the rest of the blanket over us, slept sweetly and soundly until morning when we roused up quite early and soon were on the march. M. and I stood this better than the first day and marched nearly as far. On arriving at the bridge which the rebels had destroyed, and our engineers had built up within a few hours, our regiment was left to guard the bridge and cover the retreat over it in case of a defeat, it being a very responsible position. When we got here I was not half so tired as I have been in the old barracks, though my shoulders and feet were lame. All day yesterday the advance of the cavalry were surprising and capturing rebels pickets, some they shot.

We have fifteen in camp under guard, they are a miserable looking set of men, no pretensions to any uniform, ragged and dirty.

We went out foraging before the Colonel put a stop to it, the camp swarmed with chickens and hogs; the boys would run the hogs down and then stick them with their knives, skin and cut them up and bring them in and in a few minutes they would be steaming away over a big fire and that would be the last of the pig.

One of our company ran his bayonet right through a big hog clear up to the hilt.

I have got some of the meat keeping until it is fit to cook, as I wouldn't eat it so fresh, and so we live.

I do not know when I shall have a chance to send this but I thought a letter might be interesting to you, written where the sound of cannon in battle reaches our ears. I doubt whether you can read this as I write lying on the ground with a blanket stretched over my head supported by sticks. If you cannot I'll tell you when I get home, till then imagine me happy and contented with my lot. C. L. MAYNARD.

Camp of the 51st Regiment, Dec. 26, 1862.

FOSTER BARRACKS, NEWBERN, N. C.

DEAR FOLKS.

I presume by this time you have got my letter promising you an account of the expedition.

I was so unfortunate as to come away from Worcester without commencing a diary, so I cannot give you so precise an account as I otherwise could, however, I'll do the best I can. Thursday morning we

started before sunrise for the city, there all was a grand military bustle, troops of cavalry, batteries of light and heavy guns, baggage wagons, hospital wagons, and ambulances all hurrying on in the same direction.

After a period of two or three hours waiting the line was formed into something like order and we moved off, and so commenced the hardest ten days' work I ever went through or ever want to for that matter.

We marched about 17 miles that day and camped where the rebels decamped the day before and the 51st slept on the ground for the first time.

We were so terribly tired that after we got the rails together from a neighboring fence and the fires started we were ready to drop on our blankets and stay there, having eaten lightly of what was in our haversacks. We pulled our blankets over us and knew no more till we were roused before light to prepare for a forward march all that day. Our advance of cavalry were fighting or rather skirmishing with the, rebel pickets, capturing 6 in the forenoon and 14 in the afternoon. We came across a group of 5, two lay on the ground apparently dead though yet alive, the most wolfish expression to their ugly faces you can imagine, a little farther on another lay on the piazza of a house in the same condition, then we came to a prisoner standing beside the fence with one of the cavalry boys over him sitting on his horse with a cocked revolver of huge dimensions held in the neighborhood of the prisoner's head, the guard, a boy of about nineteen, never taking his eye from his charge, the rebel looking the very essence of malignity.

The country we passed through was like all the rest for miles around Newbern, low, level and sandy, no hills or stones.

We marched about 13 miles that day turning off from the direct road to Kinston, the one the rebels expected us on, and taking a longer and harder road we came to a bridge that the rebels had destroyed and our engineers rebuilt it.

On a level field our regiment encamped and that night, also the next one, being left to cover the retreat in case of a defeat or rather to hold the bridge until that time, as there were rebel cavalry all around.

We spent the day in resting though in the morning the boys came into camp in such numbers as clearly showed that all were not resting, saying nothing of the small game, ducks, chickens, sweet potatoes, &c. Companies A and B were sent out on picket on arriving and did duty, till we marched again.

We heard heavy firing all day in the direction of Kinston.

Sunday morning at 7½ we started. Our first platoon guarded the prisoners, they were put in pairs to the number of 20 and then we were

put two on each side of them. I had the pleasure of conversing with those who were talkative all day; take them as a lot, we were told it was a very uncommonly well dressed and well looking lot by those that knew. I say they were the most miserable, disgusting, ill-favored senseless looking lot of human bipeds I ever set eyes on. With two exceptions only, there were several who professed to be peaceable farmers and by their own stories those that would talk were all very nice, peaceably disposed men, but I hate the sight of all of them.

Our second platoon was in the rear as guard for the baggage wagons. In this order we marched to Kinston, some of the way we waded through water half way to our knees. We arrived at Kinston at half-past 8 in the evening, wet, and almost tired to death.

As we passed into Kinston we went through the scene of the battle. A church standing on the edge of the town was turned into a hospital. On the bank of the river lay two or three dead rebels that were waiting removal, under the bridge lay what remained of a rebel killed in a curious way; he was trying to burn the bridge with others pouring a barrel of turpentine over the bridge when a shell struck the barre, throwing it all over him.

The fight was severe, ending in our forces driving the rebels through the town; it was our first sight of a battle-field, trees torn and broken, ground torn up, everything showing that a fierce struggle had taken place.

The next morning we started on again. After we passed back again over the bridge, that is when the whole force was over, the bridge was burned by the engineer.

We took the road for Whitehall, it was a weary day, most of the boys threw away their blankets to keep up, Moses among the number but not I. I determined to carry mine as far as I went and so I did.

We camped about 8 o'clock, started before light next morning and about 9 o'clock the firing in our advance became heavy and grew more so till we arrived at the scene of the battle.

We were ordered into position at once; we supported Belger's Battery of the 9th New York Artillery.

We here drew up in line of battle with bayonets fixed and then were ordered to lie down which probably most of the regiment were very glad to do as the shot and shell were flying overhead and about us in a manner which would give a man the impression that the rebels were trying to hit somebody. Our regiment was concealed from the rebels' view by a strip of woods between us and the river, the battery we were

supporting was on our left, the rebels got the range of it so exactly that they took up a new position; there were several hit in our regiment but no one hurt, one of our company had his dipper struck as it hung on his haversack, the tin was dented almost double by the ball, which glanced and went into the ground. The grove on our left was completely riddled with shot and shell. We lay there on the ground about two hours and a half, the artillery playing hotly on both sides; it was almost entirely an artillery battle though three of the regiments in our brigade were engaged; they lost a good many killed and wounded, they were all brought within a few feet of where we lay. Finally their guns were silenced and we moved up the road to Goldsboro, having had some of the heaviest cannonading of any battle in this section of the country. Our regiment was highly complimented by Gen. Foster for its deportment and appearance.

We marched about six miles and camped for the night.

The next morning which was Wednesday our regiment was detailed as guard for the baggage train, so we were strung out along the road six to a wagon. It took all but Company C, so we marched behind, we went very slowly, when in the afternoon the wagons were all turned back, and back we marched. We halted and let them get ahead of us.

I omitted to say we heard sharp firing in the distance all day, towards night it grew heavy suddenly.

After dark we were ordered to turn back, the artillery, which had caught up with us, that is, a part of it, rushed back; then we went, we marched awhile then stopped, and finally turned again and marched till we reached the original halting place and camped for the night. The men were almost exhausted, I never thought 'twas possible for a man to get so near dead and still march on.

The reason we turned back was this, we had a severe battle there, burned a freight-house and two very important bridges, killed a great number of rebels and took some prisoners and defeated them.

Well, when they sent out a white flag with two regiments, our infantry had left but our artillery was there, the guns were double-shotted and the colonel of the artillery rode up to meet them, when they got within about 200 yards they threw down their white flag and putting up their colors charged on our batteries, they being double-shotted with grape and canister then opened on them. At the first discharge it was said two-thirds of those two regiments fell to rise no more; then it was we were ordered back to support those batteries, but they finished the work before we could get there.



We began our march home next morning, the expedition having accomplished all that was intended. We had a terrible hard march home, the road was lined with stragglers who had given out on the march. We had nothing occur of any vital interest on the way home which we reached Sunday morning.

C. L. MAYNARD.

NEW BERNE, December 9, 1862.

An order was read at dress-parade to-night to be in readiness to march in thirty-six hours. The boys received it with cheers and are picking up their duds.

10th. We have been very busy all day packing our knapsacks and putting them on board a schooner. We take with us only our overcoats and blankets. Spent the afternoon in the manual of arms under the Colonel. I feel in good spirits and hope we shall to come off victorious, but perhaps it may be the last as well as the first fight that I shall be in. The boys are burning a bonfire in honor of the start in the morning.

11th. We have fifty rounds of cartridges and three days' rations given out to us. We were aroused out at four o'clock; marched to New Berne and joined the expedition going towards Trenton. There are about twenty-five thousand men on the road,—a big thing. Our legs and feet are quite sore, but we are in good spirits. The houses all along the road are burned and no one is to be seen except negroes. We stopped and camped on a plantation about seventeen miles from New Berne and six from Trenton. Camp-fires are to be seen in every direction. The rebels have felled trees across the road for a mile up and the pioneers are at work clearing them out. We lay down to sleep in the open air.

12th. Had a good sleep and when I awoke found the frost one-eighth of an inch thick on our blankets. The nights are cold but the days are warm as those of June. I saw Fred White and David Bigelow of the Twenty-fifth Mass. regiment and several others that I used to know. We started at half-past nine o'clock, marched along finding no enemies for some time, then a few rebel pickets showed themselves, we captured three and killed one. We found plenty of sweet potatoes and honey on the march. The rebels have blown up a bridge and our men are repairing it. Now we are over it and are encamped near it.

13th. The boys are busy scouting for plunder and are bringing in chickens, geese, sheep, pigs and a beef-creature. The cavalry brought in seventeen prisoners to-night that were captured last night.

14th. Started on the march as rear guard to the baggage train. It was the hardest day's work I ever did. The weather was very warm and we marched sometimes on the double-quick. At three o'clock we came up with the main army; found a battle had been going on at Kinston all day. Our force drove the rebels across the river and beat them. We camped on the spot where the fight had been and in the morning found some dead bodies near.

15th. Made our coffee and went over to the town where our regiment was; started off with them; marched about fifteen miles and put up for the night. Some of the men gave out here and went back to Kinston.

16th. Marched about three miles and came upon a number of rebels at Whitehall. Our regiment was called to support the battery that was firing away. We were ordered to fix bayonets and lie down on our chests. The balls flew over our heads about as thick as I wanted to hear them. Several men in some of the other regiments were killed, but none in ours. After about an hour the firing ceased and we were marched on about twelve miles and camped in the woods.

17th. Put in motion at an early hour and pushed on for Goldsboro. About two o'clock the wagons were all ordered to turn round. They said that our advance had torn up the railroad, burned the bridges and beat them all out, so that we might go back to New Berne. The boys were in high glee at this stage of things and went singing along. At about six o'clock we reached nearly the old spot where we camped the night before. As we were turning into a field to camp we were halted; every one wondered what it was for. Soon we were ordered to march back towards Goldsboro. As our last artillery was booming at them a few rebels came out and fired on them. We were sent to cover them. However in about two hours we were back in the old camp as tired a set of boys as ever were. After supper we camped in the thick smoke and slept soundly.

18th. Passed the old battle-field and saw where the cannon balls had cut off trees, some of them eight inches thick. Some bodies were not buried at this time. After a rest we marched on about six miles and camped.

19th. Marched back through Kinston; stopped to rest about noon and were treated to honey by Lieutenant Bigelow; went about eighteen miles.

20th. The men were so worn out that we only marched about twelve miles. I did not get up to the regiment till they had been in camp sometime. Slept soundly all night.

21st. Started at sunrise with the hope of soon reaching our old camp. We went on as fast as our sore feet would allow and came in about noon, a sorry set of men.

S. H. FULLER.

NEW BERNE, Tuesday, December 21, 1862.

I have just returned from the expedition which I spoke of in my last, stating we were going but knew not where. We started Thursday the 11th. Arose at 3 A. M. We received forty rounds of cartridges and three days' rations, our blouses and our coats which we wore, beside all our accoutrements and guns. This they call light marching order. We had our knapsacks packed the night before and each one took his own and threw it on board a schooner which lay ready at the wharf. We formed in line at daybreak in front of the barracks ready to start. Before doing so Colonel Sprague addressed us in a few words. Feeling sorry that we had no more time to drill in the manual of arms, he said, "I wish you all to do your duty and to stand; you are going where your toil, patience and courage will be tried." The Forty-third, Forty-fifth and Twenty-third Mass. regiments joined us and we marched with the music of the band to New Berne. We were there joined by artillery of forty pieces, twelve hundred cavalry and any quantity of infantry, swelling the number to nearly thirty thousand men. The train, I heard, reached nine miles. I assure you it was a splendid sight to behold. I thought of that passage where it says "Terrible as an army with banners," as the regimental flags were all flying. The long train began to move. We travelled the first day about fifteen miles, and then camped in a large corn-field, the camp-fires brightening up the heavens.

Dec. 9. We have received marching orders to be ready in thirty-six hours. The orders were read at dress-parade to-night. I am out in the open air helping cook; we have got to cook all night. Have just had three days' rations of meat served out. I do not know where we are going, but the talk is to Richmond. They also say there are twenty thousand going from New Berne, the Eighth Mass. regiment is to stay to do guard duty. We are to start to-morrow night with our blankets and three days' rations in our haversacks.

Friday, Dec. 12. We arose about five o'clock at the bugle, and started on our march; we marched about twelve miles, making us twenty-five miles from New Berne. We encamped in a corn-field

again and slept with our equipments all on, as we expected an attack from the enemy. Our cavalry took seventeen prisoners.

Saturday, Dec. 13. Pleasant, quite warm day-times but very cold and chilly nights. The order came for us to remain where we were and guard a bridge which the rebels had burned, but which our folks had built again. We were to guard it until the entire train has passed over. Two cannon were planted to guard the bridge, an encounter being expected with the rascals.

Sunday, Dec. 14. Pleasant weather. We started in the morning about seven; we marched all day, arrived at Kinston about nine in the evening, and took seventeen prisoners along with us. Our advance had a battle at this place in which 65 were killed and 182 wounded. We slept in the city to-night, but it was sad to know that so many had been killed and wounded. I went down to the bridge where the battle was; saw two rebels lying on the bank dead and one burned to death while attempting to fire the bridge before we crossed, but he did not succeed.

Monday, Dec. 15. Another beautiful morning to march. We were all ready to start at seven and marched very hard all day. We did not meet with any resistance on the way.

Tuesday, Dec. 16. We commenced to march at nine. We had not gone more than two miles before we heard cannonading in our advance and about noon we arrived at the scene of action. We were ordered to cap our guns and half-cock. The noise was terrific. The rebels were on the other side of the river; there was a short turn in the road and they expected to rake us as we wound round the hill. They fired first and by the time we arrived it was very severe. Our regiment was ordered to fix bayonets, expecting to charge. We could see them carrying out the dead and wounded on stretchers. The shell and shot flew all around us and we were ordered to lie down. None were wounded in our company though several were hit. One in our company, near me in the ranks, had his tin cup flattened by a bullet. The Forty-third lost 20 men from one company.

Wednesday, Dec. 17. Pleasant and quite warm. We marched in the rear to guard some baggage wagons. We heard firing in our advance and kept on marching until three P. M., when we were ordered to counter-march back to New Berne. We had gone about three miles when orders came for us to return, as the rebels had charged on our batteries and they wished infantry to support them. But soon word came that the rebels were repulsed with heavy loss, so we went back the second time, making four times we travelled over the

same road. The expedition had done all that it was intended to do, so we returned. We did not go quite to Goldsboro, only to the railroad. We destroyed about four miles of the track and tore up all the bridges, so that they could not reinforce at Goldsboro and Richmond. We took 23 prisoners.

Thursday, Dec. 18. We marched all day and I was very tired when night came. We encamped about eight o'clock P. M., but did not sleep much.

Friday, Dec. 19. We were again on the march bright and early and marched all day.

Saturday, Dec. 20. I was not feeling well and did not keep up with the regiment. We camped about ten miles this side of New Berne.

Sunday, Dec. 21. A beautiful Sabbath morning. We arrived at the old barracks at one o'clock P. M., all tired out, having walked one hundred and seventy miles in little less than ten days, with short allowance of rations at times, and exposed to the open air.

C. A. MOORE.

FOSTER BARRACKS,  
NEW BERNE, December 24, 1862.

We received orders to have three days' rations cooked, ready. That of course made me extra work, so I had to sit up nearly all of two nights in order to get them ready. Our regiment left the barracks December 11, 4 A. M. We went down to the city where we joined the remainder of the expedition. No one had any idea where we were going to certainly, though there were as many rumors afloat as men in a regiment. I suppose our force consisted of 20,000 men and 60 pieces of artillery. That is not far from the real force as near as I am able to learn from Charlie, and his position enables him to speak pretty correctly. The first night I suppose we marched about 13 miles from the city. Friday we marched about 15 miles. We used to start about as soon as it was light in the morning, though the advance would start by 4 o'clock. Each day our brigade would be assigned a different position in the line, which would of course cause our time for starting and halting to vary.

Saturday we remained behind as a rear guard (our regiment), while the others went on to Kinston. During the night 22 rebels were sent in, taken by our cavalry scouts.

Sunday morning we started for Kinston, understood there was to be a fight there. We had the prisoners to guard. I marched beside

them all day. They are the roughest-looking specimens of humanity that I ever met with. We found upon reaching Kinston that the place was ours. We lost some 45 men in killed and wounded. We delivered up our prisoners to the Provost-Marshal; they were paroled the next morning, as well as a number taken in the battle at Kinston. The next morning we left there, burning the bridge over the Neuse that the rebels might not follow.

Tuesday we were in the advance. As we neared Whitehall firing commenced ahead. We were ordered to cap our guns and find our places in the ranks. Then the boys thought that it looked a little like a fight. We soon came up with the artillery, which was engaged with the enemy. We formed in line of battle and marched to a place near the artillery. The General seeing we were in an exposed position changed our line and ordered us to lie down. Soon after one of our boys had his dipper struck by a spent rifle ball, denting it considerably. The shot and shell flew thick and fast all around us and just over our heads. We lay there about two hours, expecting every moment to be called into action. The firing of artillery was terrific for the two hours that we were there. The enemy's sharp-shooters picked off a member of the Forty-fifth regiment. Volunteers were called for from the Twenty-fifth to attend to them. Charlie was one of the volunteers and they soon silenced them. We were successful there, though there was very little of the infantry engaged. Many of our boys went to sleep while all this was going on, as they were very tired. I did not feel as I expected; was not much troubled about it, though of course not indifferent to the dangers around us. We were all bound to do our duty. After the fight we immediately resumed our march toward Goldsboro.

The next day our regiment guarded the baggage trains in the rear. I was detailed to forage that day. I went quite to the front just after the fight commenced there, though not in time to see the rebels, as some of the boys did. Soon after noon the work was done, i. e., drove the rebels across the river, burned two bridges, and tore up several miles of railroad. We turned around about two o'clock to retrace our march, having accomplished the object of our expedition. Notwithstanding the boys were awfully tired they turned about with light hearts. Towards night firing commenced in our rear, and just as our regiment was going into camp they were ordered back. I tell you it was a hard one, but I was bound to go as long as my legs would carry me. After marching three miles at a fast gait we were told to return to camp. There was one battery that remained on the field after everything else

had turned about. The rebels, having received reinforcements, thought it was alone and they would take it, so a large force charged on it. Just as they neared it we opened on them with "grape and canister" and mowed them down in heaps. They broke and ran. This caused all the fuss. That brings us to Thursday night. Friday and Saturday we marched tremendously, I suppose not far from twenty five miles per day. The roads were lined with stragglers. Saturday night we encamped about 5 miles out of New Berne, as the Colonel thought it would not pay to go in with part of his regiment. Only ten of Company C came in with the Fifty-first that night. I was one of the ten. I did not fall out during the whole trip; whenever the regiment halted I was with them. How now about folks that said "George never would stand it?" We got home about noon on Sunday, having marched about 175 miles in a little more than ten days. I threw away my woollen blanket one day; should not do it again. I send a Confederate postage-stamp taken in a house near Goldsboro. Every one was gone except the negroes. Charlie got home all right, though I have not seen him since. I came right into the kitchen on getting home and am here now. Have to work like forty, as the boys are awful hungry.

G. M. KENDALL.

"SOMEWHERE," DEC. 13, 1862.

Well, auntie, we are in for it now. Last Tuesday night at dress parade we had orders to be in readiness to march in 36 hours and punctual to the moment we started for parts to us unknown, and since then we have been on the march most of the time. Three days' rations were prepared and the knapsacks were packed and we were ordered to march under "light marching orders," knapsacks going by water.

Our light load consists of our rubber and woollen blankets, rations, canteen, gun, sabre and 50 rounds of cartridges, and altogether we found them not so very light but by the time we got into the city most decidedly heavy; our guns only weigh twelve and a half pounds. After we got to the city we were obliged to wait several hours to form the different brigades, cavalry, artillery and infantry. Then we commenced our march and I tell you, auntie, you can have no idea of what a march is. I know I never had. In a scorching sun with our equipments dragging down on our shoulders and the continual tramp, tramp forward for hours with no rest and then only for a few minutes; it is terrible I can assure you, and many of the men dropped right down, side of the road, but the men of our Co. marched on without faltering. I

never fell behind once, but when it came night my shoulders ached as if a knife was run through them. We marched till quite late and at last we came in sight of the camp-fires which the advance had started, and I think I never beheld a more welcome sight and it was, too, a sight grand in the extreme; as far as the eye could reach fires glowing and the men as thick as could be, some stretched out on the ground and others taking their suppers. There were in all four brigades, nearly 20,000 men, almost as many as the whole population of Worcester.

When we arrived at the camping ground we were so tired that we dropped right down on the ground too tired to stir; then we had to be off for wood for our fire, get our supper of hard-tack and coffee and get to bed about ten, stiff and tired, the nights so cold we can scarcely sleep at all. Up in the morning and off again before sunrise and so on from day to day. Our first day's march was rather monotonous, long stretches of pine woods, mud puddles and so on, not hardly a house or anything else of interest.

The second day after getting beyond our line of pickets our march was a little more varied. Our cavalry had some skirmishes with the enemy's pickets in which some of the latter were captured and a few killed. As we passed by the houses where the killed and wounded were lying on the ground we began to more fully realize the nature of the conflict in which we were engaged. Our second day's march brought us to the spot where we, the Fifty-first, are now encamped near a bridge which we are to guard and we also have 20 prisoners, and sorry-looking specimens they are.

These are the first rebels I have seen, no two dressed alike; only that they are all dressed in a kind of dirty white goods much resembling their complexion generally.

W. H. CLAPP.

FOSTER BARRACKS, Dec. 22, 1862.

We are back again all safe and sound from the expedition of which you have undoubtedly heard the particulars and the hard time we have had of it.

You remember what a cheerless time we had on board the *Merrimac*, well that was bliss compared to this.

I heard many a man say "give me the *Merrimac* before this." I expected to have sent you a letter on the expedition but was too tired every night to think of anything but to get my supper and to sleep as quick as possible.

We staid at the bridge where I wrote my first note one day and then resumed our march, reached Kinston Sunday night where the



battle had been raging during the day while we were marching from the bridge.

Our forces were in the place, which we found to be a very pretty little village. We started again in the morning, making our fifth day out from New Berné.

We had marched but a few hours when we began to hear the boom of cannon, repeated at short intervals; soon it came faster and faster, then the artillery came lumbering up through the column from the rear to get their guns in position, then the cavalry would come cantering along. All the time we were marching steadily on and the noise of cannon growing louder and louder; soon we came to a halt and were ordered to cap and half-cock our pieces, then we began to think we were in for a fight surely.

We soon reached the field where they were discharging the big guns and after getting in "battle array" were ordered down flat on the ground and there you may rest assured we staid pretty close; though I think I felt no fear I do not care to get nearer the enemy then I was then. The continuous discharge of artillery and musketry made it a continual roar, such as you hear just before a thunder-storm sometimes in the summer.

We could hear the balls whizzing through the air and see the shells explode; one ball struck the dipper of one of our men, that is our Company, this was the most serious wound in the Company at that time. While we were at Kinston one of our men was shot through the hand by a rebel while he was at the river getting water, our man struck him with his sabre and the man ran; last seen of him.

It was a sad and sickening sight to see the field after the battle, though probably a comparatively small one.

I saw scenes too horrible to be described.

After leaving Whitehall, the place where the battle was fought, we made a rapid march of ten miles, and the next day was the fight at Goldsboro, this we were not engaged in, but we were used for a guard to the baggage train.

We heard the firing nearly all day. After we had got within a few miles of the fighting ground we were ordered back and after marching to our previous night's encampment we were ordered to march directly back again to the fight, which, in our tired condition, was anything but pleasing, but about we turned and after marching about three miles it was found to be all right and then we had to march clear back three miles and it did seem a little too bad. I have not time to write a quarter of what I want to, but I must close now.

W. H. CLAPP.

DEC. 22, 1862.

We have just returned from a very fatiguing expedition, of over a hundred and seventy miles through an enemy's country, had three battles and whipped the rebels in good style, all of which has been done within ten days. Our first fight was at Kinston where the enemy were very strongly posted on the opposite side of Kinston bridge, having batteries which completely commanded it.

The Fifty-first was ordered to hold a bridge about 17 miles this side of Kinston, which we did for one day and then pushed on to join the main column.

We entered Kinston at night after a very hard march through mud and water and were right glad to spread our blankets on the ground, and gain strength for the next day's march.

Our next fight was at a place called Jericho, here also was a bridge which we burnt, here we had quite a smart fight, the rebels had the advantage of position as they always do, but after four hours firing they retreated, we were unable to follow on account of the bridge being burnt. Although the Fifty-first was not in the thickest of the battle, yet the shot and shell were near enough to be very unpleasant. We were expecting every moment to be ordered to relieve some one of the other regiments.

Only one of our boys was wounded and that slightly by a spent ball. We had some very narrow escapes, a ball passed between myself and a man one pace in front of me and struck a man on the back at my left.

You can have very little idea of the solemnity of a battle.

The smoke of the battle had hardly cleared away before we were ordered to march.

We marched about 17 miles and then camped for the night.

The next day we started for Goldsboro; our advance reached Goldsboro bridge which our artillery destroyed; here we had quite a sharp fight mostly artillery of which we had about 60 pieces in the whole division. During the latter part of the battle the rebels crossed the county bridge which lies above Goldsboro bridge and attempted to charge upon our artillery. They were met by a discharge of grape and canister from some of the largest pieces, 32-pounders, which were double-shotted; those who witnessed this discharge say that it fairly mowed the rebel ranks, and they were driven.

In the meantime General Foster informed us that the object of this expedition was accomplished and we were ordered back to New Berne.

We had got about six miles on our way towards home when the order came for the first brigade to "about" and again march towards Goldsboro which we did with sore feet and heavy eyelids, for it was night and we had just arrived at our former camping-ground and were anticipating a night's rest. We marched back three miles when we met the artillery and were told that the fight was all over, at the same time we received orders to "about" and camp for the rest of the night. The next day we started again for home—New Berne.

We passed our old battle-ground, Jericho. I picked up a rebel gun at this place, on our march towards Goldsboro; it had the mark of a round bullet on the stock; I loaded it and carried it some six miles and then threw it away for I had enough to carry without it.

Passing Kinston leaving the wounded on board a small gunboat we pushed on towards New Berne, camped within 12 miles of that place on the edge of a fine forest of pines.

The next day we cut stakes and marched to New Berne, arriving there at about 12 o'clock pretty well played out and not very anxious for another expedition for at least a month. We are now waiting for further orders and I have no doubt they will come soon enough. "Nine months' men" did not come out here to do garrison duty and we have just begun to realize it. I only wish that the Fifty-first regiment could have marched down Main Street on the morning that they arrived in New Berne, our mothers would not have known their soldiers; such a dirty looking set of men you never saw and probably never will. Those who think that a soldier's life is always gay should have followed us on that hard march to Goldsboro through the beautiful sandy and muddy soil of "Ye beautiful North Carolina."

G. E. BARTON.

NEW BERNE, December 22, 1862.

I now write to let you know that I have been on a march of about 170 miles, had 4 battles, but the Fifty-first was under fire but once and I was detailed to stay in the rear to guard a rebel prisoner that we captured on our march.

Our first battle was at Kinston and it was a pretty hard fight I can tell you. The Tenth Conn. lost about 75 killed and wounded, the Ninth N. J. a large number, Fifty-first Mass., Company C, John Rich was shot through the left hand after the fight at Kinston as he was going down to the river to get some water, he drew his sabre and struck the rebel who shot him on the shoulder and staggered him, and got a flute that he dropped.

Now for a short tale of the second battle in which the Fifty-first regiment was called upon to stand fire of the rebels, and they did it up in fine style I tell you. We went to the field as if we thought we were bullet-proof, and were ordered to fix bayonets to be ready to resist a charge on a battery from the rebels. After a short time we were ordered to lie down flat, as we were in a dangerous place, as the shells and bullets flew very fast.

The second night the Fifty-first regiment was halted about 5 o'clock and left to guard a bridge which the rebels had torn up, so that the pioneers had to build it over for our troops to get across. We had to stay at the bridge two nights and one day and were then ordered to join the rest of the train, which we did by a hard march of 18 miles on a fine Sabbath, December 14, to Kinston.

Now for the third fight at Goldsboro, which we did not have a chance to see anything of, as we were detailed as rear guard to the whole train of baggage-wagons and prisoners. The cavalry in advance of us went up to Goldsboro at night and tore up about seven miles of the railroad track and burnt the bridges. The next day the army advanced on the rebels and gave them all they asked of us.

I will now close my war story and tell some of my camp life as it daily occurs. We got back to camp, called Foster Camp, Sunday, December 21, a set of dirty, lame and tired boys I tell you. I stood the march right well, I can tell you, for a boy that never did anything of the kind before. I fell out of the ranks the first day, but caught up with them at night after they had been in camp about an hour. We had to sleep outdoors every night with nothing over us but our blankets. The fifth day's march I threw away my woollen blanket to keep up and so did about two-thirds of the boys also.

E. STRATTON.

FOSTER BARRACKS,

NEW BERNE, N. C., December 23, 1862.

DEAR PARENTS AT HOME:

Tuesday night at dress-parade, December 9, we were all surprised to receive orders to pack our knapsacks and be ready to march in 36 hours, with all the other regiments in New Berne except the Eighth Mass., which was to stay for guard duty.

Wednesday afternoon our knapsacks were all on board two small sail boats on the Trent river, we being lucky enough to have them carried for us. We had a long battalion drill in the afternoon and after that I worked till past 7 o'clock loading the boat, then ate my

supper and went to bed. About 12 o'clock we were all routed up to receive our ammunition, which occupied about an hour, then we went to bed again. At 3 o'clock we were once more called up to march, leaving the barracks about 4½ o'clock and reaching New Berne about light, where we were obliged to stand till about 10 o'clock for the advance of the army to form. You can imagine that I was some tired about that time, and I thought I had as lief go home and go to bed as to start on a long march, but that would not do, we must go ahead tired or not. Our army consisted of four brigades containing about 20,000 men, under General Foster, which with all its baggage, artillery and cavalry made a grand appearance and was well worth seeing. After all were ready we started and marched 17 miles that day and encamped on an open corn-field about 9 o'clock, the advance reaching there about two hours before we did and those behind coming in till after 2 o'clock. As fast as we arrived at the field we commenced building fires the whole length of the regiment, which made the field look like one body of fire. We were obliged to sleep on the ground for the first time, and not being used to it I slept rather cold. As soon as it was light we were off again. The rebels had tried the day before to prevent our advancing by cutting down trees and laying them across the road for more than half a mile, but they did not trouble us much as we had them all cleared away before morning. A little beyond this obstruction we found one of their deserted camps, their fires still burning. After this, skirmishing could be heard nearly all the time, and in many of the houses that we passed lay a wounded rebel, a little farther on was one shot in the hand and taken prisoner, being closely guarded by one of our cavalry who kept a loaded pistol pointed at him till the rear guard came up. More than half of the houses have been burnt some time since, and most of those remaining have been cleared of their contents. We have had all the sweet potatoes we could eat, besides we have had some nice honey, mutton, poultry, beef and pork, although it was against orders to take them; but we were kept half-starved on the march, living on nothing but hard bread and half rations at that; if we could have had any meat we should have felt stronger, but as it is we feel pretty well worn out, so when we could kill a "fresh meat" we were not slow to do it. The second night we encamped on a field on Beaver Creek and remained there two nights, all but our regiment going on a little farther in order to reach Kinston early the next day, where they had a severe engagement. We reached there about 9 o'clock December 14, just after the battle; crossed a long bridge and camped with the

rest of the army. The next morning as we re-crossed the bridge we found it had been fired by the rebels and that our troops had a hard time to save it.

Next we went to Whitehall, there to encounter another battle. Our regiment was ordered to support a battery and were obliged to lie flat on the ground, the balls whizzing over them, striking a tin cup of one of our company. That day I was not with the regiment, my feet were so sore I could hardly walk. From there we started for Goldsboro, when we came within six miles orders came to turn around the teams, when a few of them had turned around they were ordered not to; in a few minutes they were ordered to march back to the camp of the night before, and those ahead of us commenced to come back, saying the expedition was ended, that they had a fight about three miles from Goldsboro; had burned their bridge. This was a hard march, for the men were already tired, and when they marched about 3 miles they were again ordered to return. This is the way orders run most of the time; first we are ordered to and then not to. Since then we have marched straight home, and glad enough we were to see our old barracks again. I rode part of the way.

C. W. HAVEN.

FOSTER BARRACKS,  
NEW BERNE, December 25, 1862.

We left here Thursday morning at 5 o'clock and got back in ten days. It was a very hard march. We went about 175 miles, fought three battles, took about 500 prisoners and cleaned them out every time.

Our first battle was at Kinston; they met us on this side of the bridge; had batteries arranged so as to rake us terribly if we had been fools enough to have gone the road they expected we would. We took another road which was 15 miles out of our way. After fighting about 2 hours they tried to burn the bridge and the man who set the fire was shot and burned in his own fire. It was a shocking sight. He was burned to a crisp. As soon as they found they could not whip or fool our general they ran through the town and planted a battery one and a half miles from the town. Our cavalry made a charge in the night and took the whole thing, seven pieces. We did not see the enemy until we got to Whitehall. Kinston is a very small town, not half as large as New Worcester. We camped in the centre of the town that night. We foraged all over the town,

cleaned out everything and appropriated to our own use. I was very tired that day, as half of our company had prisoners to guard and the other half had a baggage train to guard. The ground where the battle was fought was covered with killed and wounded of both sides. One lay on the ground all night, his face shot away. He breathed very hard and it was a shocking sight. These rebels are the meanest-looking men I ever saw; they wear no uniforms. and the only way you can distinguish a private from an officer is by a little strip of gold band on the officer's collar, otherwise they all look alike. They have three lieutenants in their service to each company.

The next day we started about 5 A. M. A great many boys fell out, among them were Charles Heywood and Maynard. The most of us threw away our blankets and stood it, though it was the hardest day's march we had on our trip. I never was so near played out as I was that night, many of the boys fainted in the ranks when we stopped. It was very hot, not a breath of air stirring all day, and when it came night the heavy dew fell and not more than half the boys had blankets. I managed to get a horse-blanket and four of us slept under that. I thought I never should stir from that place again I was so tired, but the next morning I felt better, so two of us started on ahead with the Ninth New Jersey regiment. They led the advance. We kept with them until the battle of Whitehall began; they, the Ninth, drove the rebels in and we waited for our regiment to come up, fell in and marched on to the battle-field, which was only a few rods off. The battle began about 10 A. M. and lasted till 2½ P. M. When our regiment marched they fixed bayonets and laid under fire during action, supporting a battery. Some three or four were taken sick as soon as they heard the bullets fly and fell out; they are under arrest now and will be court-martialed. The cannon balls from the rebels cut off trees the size of my body. One does not know much what a battle is until he has seen one. It tries one's nerves to see wounded men brought to the rear on stretchers, the blood all over them. After the battle was over we marched till 8 P. M. and encamped. I found a blanket and we slept quite warm that night. You must recollect that we lay on the bare ground with a very heavy dew falling all night and it is impossible to keep warm; we keep as close to fires as we can. The next day we had the whole baggage-train to guard. Four of us went where we wanted to; we killed hens, turkeys, filled one wagon with sweet potatoes, and if any wine or applejack was around we took it. Applejack is about the only

liquor they use here and it is really good for a tired man. After whipping the rebels we turned to go back when they came down with a flag of truce, and when they got near our batteries they pulled down their white flag. Order was sent the whole length of the line to countermarch to whip them again. We had just got into camp and were very tired, but we went back 4 miles when the order came to go back again to camp, which we did willingly. Our artillery poured three rounds into the rebels so as to clean them out. After that we marched as fast as possible for New Berne, where we arrived Sunday forenoon, tired enough. Saturday when we camped only ten men came in with the company, the rest fell out.

H. G. LONGLEY.



## POLLOCKSVILLE MARCH.

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January 17, 1863.

We formed in line at 6 o'clock and stood around till 9, when we started off and marched along quite nicely till almost noon, when we halted for half an hour or more, then started on again and went quite fast till most 3, when we halted for an hour. The way in the forenoon was dry and sandy, some hard-wood trees, the forests generally looking very well for this place. This afternoon the road has been muddy, like a hog-pen mud.

January 18. We marched about an hour after the halt yesterday afternoon and went into camp on a large open field at or near what I suppose to be Pollocksville. There are 3 or 4 white houses, very good indeed for North Carolina, with out-buildings around them. The road leading to this encampment, and on which we came, was intersected by another running at right angles with it. A little to the left of the field was a road running in the same direction that we came, this ran beside a swamp and the rebels had cut down trees and fallen them across the road to obstruct our way, but they were soon removed by the pioneers and colored corps. After we had got nicely fixed for the night, our supper cooked and eaten, we were ordered to go out on picket duty. We were somewhat disappointed, as we had got very nicely fixed with a good fire, and my negro had fixed a place for us to sleep by putting a board to break off the wind from the head and one on each side and then got a lot of cotton which they got not far off in a building, but we did not need it. We went off on the road running beside the camp and the swamp, half a mile or more, and I was left with the second platoon as reserve, a short distance from the first platoon, who were stationed farther on in four different posts. It was very cold and the ground was quite wet. It was so cold that the ground froze as much as two inches deep. We were allowed to have but a very small fire, and none but the reserve could have any. I did not allow them to have any till after 12, and then it was so cold I told them they might have a small one.

I slept a very little between 12 and 3, and this morning we were relieved by a body of cavalry, when we returned to our old camp-ground, and I am so sleepy now that I can hardly keep awake to write.

January 19, Monday. Our negroes have built us a nice place to sleep. They have got three doors and set one up edgewise at the head and one on either side and covered them over with boards, and have got a lot of cotton for our bed and we have a very nice place. They have also built themselves one adjoining ours. We slept a good deal through the day, but I went out long enough to go and have a good wash, also to look around a little. There are some ten or twelve houses here, very good ones, and quite a number of smaller ones, some four or five places where there used to be stores and one post-office. The road where most of the buildings were was lined with shade-trees, mostly red cedar. One house that I visited set back from the road a number of rods, the road leading to it being lined with trees and shrubs, the front yard laid out in good taste and all the out-buildings in good style. Everything had the appearance of being a very nice place for North Carolina, but everything was all torn up, every door and window taken off and everything in or about the house was destroyed by our people, and before we left it was set on fire, as were two others before, and burned, although it was strictly against the orders. I wish that everything there and every other place we pass through might be left in ashes.

Tuesday, Jan. 20, 1863. Well, about noon yesterday the battalion, or all but five companies, came in from Trenton. They went up there Sunday and we and four other companies of our regiment staid as I have stated. On their return those of us who were there were ordered to fall in and we started off for Young's Station, as we were told. We marched off for an hour or so very finely, indeed, when we halted for more than hour, then started again and went on quite fast till about sundown, when we were fired on; we halted, fronted, faced around and marched back a mile or so, halted and stood around an hour or so, then we were ordered into the lot to lie down for the night on our arms without any fire; before we all got down orders came for our camp to fall in and we were started on again back the same way which we had just retreated over. After going about one-half mile we were halted again by the boss of the bridge builders, who said he thought it was not safe to do it to-night (build the bridge), so we countermarched and went back to our former place, and as the cavalry had come up and had built their fires we were allowed

to build fires, so we made some coffee, got warm and laid down for the night. As we got back the men were so afraid that they should not get their rails that they would give no attention at all and the Captain got about out of patience, as well as myself, and we had to scold rather more than was pleasant to either of us, or the men.

At half-past six o'clock this morning we were ordered to fall in at once, but we were just eating breakfast and so we were allowed fifteen minutes, at which time we were ready and started off with Lieutenant-Colonel Studley for the bridge that we were to guard while it was being built last night. One-half of the company crossed the river on the sleepers that were left, under command of the Captain and picketed for some distance on each side of the road. I remained the opposite side with the other half of the company, leaving six as a reserve and deployed the rest on each side of the river and along its banks. The river is 30 or 40 feet wide and I should think it might be 3 to 8 feet deep, and running quite fast; one of the pleasantest streams that I have seen in North Carolina. After the bridge was repaired we were called in and came over this side and stationed a quarter of a mile from the bridge by the Colonel, and staid an hour or more when he came and ordered me to leave half of my men under charge of a sergeant and take the remainder further along and station a part on the side of the road and part off beside the wood, and here I am as comfortable as can be. There is a large open field here, upon the right is a very fine grove of pines, on the left beyond the field through the woods we hear geese, pigs and children. A large lot of cavalry have been going past and I think the rebels have all skedaddled. I went about one-eighth of a mile further along to where the Captain with the first platoon is stationed. Some of the men had just come in from a scout, bringing in some books and telling some pleasing stories about what they saw. I started off with four or five of the men and went down to the plantation. There were two white women, one an old lady, the other her daughter, about 18 years. There were any number of negroes, all very much pleased, thinking they were free, and said they were going to New Berne with us, and were packing up all of their things. They gave me some sweet potatoes and would have given me meal but they had given away everything they could spare to carry it in. It began to rain quite hard when I started to go and it rained all the time while I was gone, so that I was very wet when I got back. We had a good fire but the wind blew hard and drove the rain through the shelter and we could not keep dry any way. Between 9 and 10 it rained in torrents and the wind blew very

hard, and in spite of all we could do we were as wet as drowned rats. It ceased raining before 12 and with the large fire of rails we succeeded in getting partially dry, so that we had a nap before morning.

On the morning of the 21st we started for home. During the night over 100 negroes with all their effects came into the Captain's station, their little all loaded on carts, with the small children stuck in between men and women in all manner of costumes that were ludicrous. There were five carts with mules, one with a horse and five yokes of oxen on carts and two mules without any carriage. The captain on one of them went at the head of the train till we got up to the bridge where the regiment now is. As we passed we created much fun; after crossing our company halted, the negroes went on and we had a box of hard-tack served out to us. The regiment was formed and passed, and we fell in the rear and went on back to Pollocksville. The rain made the roads very muddy, they did not seem much as they did when we went down. We arrived at Pollocksville at noon and there waited an hour for the colored train to pass in order to get them over the bridge so that we could destroy it, when we passed on. It is cold and rains a little occasionally; the negroes keep up closely; the roads are very muddy indeed. It is very hard walking, but we are going home and so we tug along. Arrived home at half-past six o'clock.

J. O. BEMIS.

SUNDAY, January 25, 1863.

I have just returned from an expedition which lasted four days. Sunday, 11th ult., we had marching orders read to us, with the Forty-third and Forty-fifth, to be ready to march in forty-eight hours. Wednesday came, and we had orders to be ready the next morning to start at 6 o'clock. The baggage train was near our camp, all drawn up ready to march at a moment's notice. We had to get up at 4 o'clock for roll-call, and to get our things ready. We marched out, formed regimental line ready to start. It was dark and cloudy, raining slightly. We staid there twenty minutes, when the order came to go back to our respective barracks and be ready to start at 7.30 o'clock. They did not call us out again until 10 o'clock. This time we expected to go, but were disappointed when the order came to go back to barracks and await further orders. I passed that day and also the next loafing around.

Saturday, 17th. We had orders to fall in to march at 6 o'clock, the Forty-fifth ahead, Fifty-first in the centre and Forty-third on the

left. We started on the march at 7.30 o'clock towards Trenton. The orders were if a soldier was caught foraging he would be shot. We had a very easy march of about thirteen miles, halting at Pollocksville. I brought some rails to make a fire; after that I thought I would go off from camp and see what I could find to eat; so I buckled on my sabre and started,—a fig for the orders if I could get something to eat. I had not gone more than two rods from camp before I heard the squealing of a pig. I thought now I will have something to eat; so I ran up to a fellow that had stumbled on to a pig and was holding him while another fellow was hammering him on the head. I came running up, told them I guessed that would finish him, at the same time drawing my sabre. The men belonged to the Forty-fifth. He took my sabre and stuck the pig, skinned him, and gave me four of the ribs and one of the hind legs—about three pounds in weight. I put the meat under my coat and went back to camp. I had just picked out my place to sleep when the order came to fall in for whiskey and prepare for picket. I assure you it was a damper, for it was very cold. We were not allowed fires, because it would attract the enemy to us.

Sunday, 18th. We had orders this morning to return back to camp at Pollocksville. We met the cavalry and Forty-fifth and Forty-third, and the City Guards and Co. E of the Fifty-first, going towards Trenton. The other five companies were left to guard Pollocksville. Co. D relieved us on picket. I spent the day roaming around Pollocksville.

Monday, 19th. I went out foraging; came across George, captain's servant. I asked him if he had seen any pigs; said he had not. He consented to go with me. A few minutes later I saw five pigs in the woods. I shouted to George that I had found some. We chased after them and got out of the woods, when a man sprung out of some bushes and nabbed one of them; George cornered the others and made them run right towards me. I threw my sabre at one of them, and it went right through his back, stopping him. I then struck him over the head, killing him. Another one coming up, I killed him. I got Allen, lieutenant's servant, and George to skin them for me. I told them if they would carry them into camp for me I would give them one. I did that so as to blind the captain; he, of course, would think that the negroes killed them. George made believe give one to me. I had just got my pig hung up to cool when the expedition which went to Trenton hove in sight. The orders came for us to fall in, with accoutrements on. We thought we were going home, so

I cut up my pig and put him in my haversack. We went to a place called Young's Cross Roads. Colonel Sprague mistook the place and got down to a place where there used to be a bridge. The rebel pickets fired five or six shots at us, but did not wound anybody. The colonel right-about-faced us and marched to the Cross Roads. After we had got all of our traps off, the order came for Co. C to fall in and go down to White Oak Creek to protect the pioneers while they would be building a bridge. After we had got almost down there the order came for us to go back, because it had been decided it could not be done then. We marched back to the regiment and staid there that night.

Tuesday, 20th. Early this morning our company received orders to go out skirmishing, and to protect the pioneers while they would be building the bridge across the creek. The first platoon was to go ahead and act as skirmishers, while the second platoon were stretched along the river to prevent the enemy from getting near the pioneers and from getting in the rear of the first platoon. After standing here two hours, we were ordered across the river three-quarters of a mile, where we stood that day and night.

Wednesday, 21st. It rained in torrents last night. I waked up once and found myself in a puddle of water, and a stream running through the top of our shanty. A negro came in at our outpost about 8 o'clock. Captain told him to go back and tell all those to come that wanted to. Before morning there were one hundred and fifty negroes, from one month to seventy-seven years old. We marched into New Berne that day, the distance of twenty-four miles. I never saw such tough marching, mud all the way and sides, too. Some of the way I had to wade through mud and water a foot and a half deep.

C. F. PIERCE.

NEW BERNE, January 22, 1863.

Our regiment was sent out nine miles on the Wilmington road, where our company started about 125 contrabands on the road to freedom *via* New Berne. 'Twas the most comical sight you can imagine, that string of contrabands; for instance, imagine an ox cart of two-wheeled dimensions drawn either by a pair of scraggy oxen or a fractious snarly mule, filled to the top with bed-clothes and the blackest, leanest and most withered toothless old crone sitting on the apex, surrounded by anywhere from four to a dozen little pickaninnies, she smoking a black stump of a pipe, with a big fellow seated on the

tongue engaged in bestowing sundry very stunning whacks and execrations on the unlucky beasts ; behind come the rest of the family, a stout young woman with a tub, bundle or basket on her head almost as big as the cart ; old women and children, old men and then the small boys capering on astride of wicked looking mules, and so on through the train. One old crone had an old stove pipe hat on, which caused a big smile among the boys.

C. L. MAYNARD.

NEW BERNE, Jan. 11, 1863.

At dress parade we had orders read to be in readiness to march in forty-eight hours, with five days' rations, three cooked and two uncooked.

12th. Drilled as usual and no new orders ; our cartridges were counted and made up to forty rounds each.

13th. Had a battalion drill and dress parade all together.

14th. On guard ; at five o'clock orders came to march at six next morning, the guard were taken off at nine o'clock and the men put themselves in order to go.

15th. Drums beat at half-past four for roll-call and breakfast, at six we were put in line. It rained some, and after waiting about fifteen minutes were sent back to quarters to wait for further orders. At eleven o'clock we were called out again and then the General's aide came up and told the Colonel to dismiss us for the day.

16th. It continued to rain hard all day and we did not start.

17th. The morning was fair but cool. After some delay we started at eight o'clock, three regiments only, the Forty-third, Forty-fifth and Fifty-first, a company of cavalry and four pieces of artillery. The roads were good. We reached Pollocksville about half-past five, went into camp in a cotton-field, found a barn full of cotton and made a nice bed from it. Charlie Goddard came round at eight o'clock with a kettle of whiskey, gave us each a gill, and said we must leave our bed and go on picket. It was cold and we could have no fire for fear the rebels would see us. We crawled through trees that the rebels had felled across the road a distance of half a mile, then posted the pickets. We heard nothing of the rebels that night.

18th. Five companies of our regiment were ordered to stop here and the rest to go on to Trenton ; so we had the day to rest and to guard the place. I looked around and found the place entirely deserted

except by three families. Picked up a few knick-knacks to bring home.

Three houses were burned (by accident.)

19th. Was on guard at a rebel's house. The people did not like to talk much at first, but soon broke into it, said all groceries were high, and answered my questions freely. At two o'clock we were ordered forward to guard some negroes while they built a bridge; we reached it at dusk and were fired into, so we marched back a mile and waited until morning.

20th. Went down and found rebels gone, and by the appearance of the place they had left in a hurry. We skirmished all up and down the river but did not find any, then went over and stood as pickets while the cavalry went on to Jackson Mill and routed a lot of rebels. They came back in the night, had one hundred and twenty-eight negroes that followed them, the old women rode in wagons drawn by oxen and mules, and the children followed on behind. It rained pouring hard all night. We got wet as rats, but the boys got all the chickens, eggs and sweet potatoes and corn meal they wanted, so they did not complain of the wet.

21st. Were now twenty-four miles from camp; the Colonel wanted us to get back that day if possible. The roads were complete beds of clay. We struck out and did not mind the rain that was pouring hard nearly all day. We reached camp about six o'clock a wet and tired set as ever was.

S. H. FULLER.

JANUARY 22, 1863.

We have just returned from our second expedition and find our humble self all right side up with care.

Our first day's march took us to Pollocksville, a small town about 13 miles from New Berne, on our way we detained ourselves about two hours making a bridge which the rebels had destroyed.

The next day five companies of the 51st were detailed to remain at Pollocksville, companies A and E going on with the advance to Trenton, distance of about 12 miles from Pollocksville. The day following, our advance having returned to Pollocksville, the five companies of the 51st under the Colonel advanced about 10 miles toward Onslow. Upon arriving at a creek, where we found the bridge destroyed, our advanced guard, the first platoon of Co. I under Lieut. Thayer, was fired upon by the rebel pickets.



Having got beyond the position at which we were to halt, the Colonel ordered us to fall back to that point.

On the night of the 20th our regiment with two pieces of artillery camped at the bridge where the day before our advance had been fired upon.

We had a rough night of it, what the N. C.'s would call "a'right smart storm," wind and rain without discount.

The next day, 21st, we started towards home, "Foster Barracks." Raining all day. Had 25 miles to march that day in order to sleep in our bunks that night. With such an inducement we made the march in about nine hours, mud over shoes about half of the time. By the way, I forgot to tell you of a little circumstance showing the effect of the late Proclamation of President Lincoln,—128 contrabands came into our lines on the march from Onslow to Pollocksville, and such a sight! For style in dress they could not be beat,—the variety was wonderful. They travelled on mules, ox-carts packed close, regular Uncle Toms all cut out ready for Morris Brothers or any other show. The boys called the procession "Higgie's Regiment" and cheered them good.

G. E. BARTON.

FOSTER BARRACKS,

NEW BERNE, N. C., January 25, 1863.

DEAR PARENTS AT HOME:

We have returned from our second expedition, which was a much pleasanter trip than the previous one. Sunday night, January 11, at dress parade, we received our marching orders to be ready in forty-eight hours with five days' rations, three of them cooked, in our haversacks. We expected to start Tuesday morning, but all day Monday no preparations were made, except to cook the meat, and we were kept drilling more, if anything, than ever, so we concluded we should not go then. That afternoon we had the longest brigade drill we have had, lasting over three hours and a half. Tuesday morning found us expecting, so the next morning, though they kept us drilling as hard as ever. Wednesday, the Forty-fifth regiment, which is in camp close to us and in the same brigade, had orders to go the following morning, but at the dress parade, the time we usually receive orders, nothing was said about it and we began to think we should not go at all, but just at dark orders came that we must go at daylight the next morning with fifty rounds of ammuni-

tion, which with our rations were to be delivered out to us at roll-call, which is at half-past seven, so as not to break up our sleep as it did on the last march.

Thursday morning at six o'clock our whole brigade, with cavalry and artillery, were formed on the parade ground ready to start. It began to rain quite fast and after standing some few minutes we were all dismissed for one hour, but after that hour had passed we waited another and another, till eleven o'clock when we fell in again and were once more dismissed. After we were in line and before we broke ranks another mail arrived which was distributed immediately. I received the *Palladium* and the *Spy* of December 31st.

Friday morning found us in line again but no go.

Saturday morning brought with it the sun and splendid clear weather, just right for a long march and this time we went, starting about 9 o'clock and marching about fourteen miles through mud and water. We found ourselves in the town of Pollocksville before sundown. Now is where the laugh comes in. After we had eaten our supper and made up the nicest beds we have ever had, using curled hair, cotton and straw, we were not a little vexed at being told our company was detailed to go out on picket about a mile from the camp. The rebels in their retreat from the place had tried, as usual, to obstruct the road by felling trees across the road for nearly half a mile, all of which had to be removed that night. We were on the extreme outpost of the guard and were not allowed any fire. The night was very cold, the ground was frozen and we had to stay there all night in the cold while those in camp were comfortably sleeping by a warm fire. Previous to our going out the whole regiment were supplied with a gill of whiskey apiece and for the second time in my life I tried to get drunk, so you see I am getting those bad habits you spoke about, and by the time I get home I shall be beyond hope.

Sunday we were favored, for our company with four others were left at this town while the others plodded on to Trenton. We spent the day strolling around what little we could and building houses of evergreen boughs, boards and anything, so that for one night at least we had a gay time.

Monday morning a detail of part of each company brought me on picket again on another road about a mile from camp. At noon just as we were cooking one of our nice dinners of ham and eggs, which we had foraged with about ten pounds of butter, we received orders to pick up our traps and prepare to join our regiment for a march. The expedition which went to Trenton had returned, and our five

companies were to start for Young's Station, about eight miles beyond. We went further than we intended to, and after receiving a few shots in the advance when we retreated a mile or two, we were ordered to lie down on our arms without any fire. Just after we had unrolled our blankets and were preparing for our warm beds Company C must needs be detailed for picket, but after considering a while concluded it was unsafe for us to go and were ordered back again. Then a regiment of our cavalry came up to reinforce us and finding us in the dark asked why we did not build some fires. They immediately dismounted and built their fires and we followed their example, having a good supper and a good night's rest. The rebels had destroyed the bridge over White Oak Creek and built a breastwork across the road on the opposite bank as though they intended to defend it.

Our company crossed over early Tuesday morning on some plank placed across the creek and found behind the breastwork four or five cavalry swords, a pistol and some ammunition which they left in their hasty retreat. While we were crossing over one of our company fell into the stream a distance of some ten feet but without injury. We scouted around all the forenoon, but found no rebels but a few of their tracks. We always find their cartridges superior, if anything to ours, the powder is very clear, and many of them have three buck shot in each, which ours have not. After the bridge was built the cavalry passed over and proceeded some twenty miles beyond but found very few rebels there. I believe one or two of their men were shot in a slight skirmish. After we had scoured the woods for some distance beyond the bridge we went on picket about a mile from the bridge where we erected quite a mansion, but before it was quite finished it began to rain and kept on harder and harder till it came in torrents and at midnight we were at least slightly damp, the rain had put the fire out and we were in a pretty fix, but luckily it held up and we had a chance to get a little dry by morning, but entirely lost our sleep. About nine o'clock that night a negro came riding on a mule to join several others who were going to New Berne with us. We immediately sent him back to get all the negroes he could find. He induced about fifty from one old widow's plantation and many others, so that by midnight they commenced to come in with mules, ox-carts all loaded with their goods. They continued to come in till morning, when we counted over one hundred contrabands and fifteen teams of all descriptions. So many slaves have we liberated. Two families who lived near our cabin furnished us with hot hoe-cakes, roast

chicken and ham, which our Captain paid for and afterwards induced them to go with us.

Early in the morning we started for home with our train of contrabands, and as we passed our regiment, who were waiting for us, received three cheers. We had more fun that morning than we have had for a good while. The road to Pollocksville was very muddy and the negroes had considerable trouble getting along with all their baggage and babies. They kept up with us to Pollocksville, after which the roads became so bad they were obliged to fall behind. We burned a bridge to prevent their being followed up or going back. Our march home becoming worse and worse. I thought I had seen muddy roads in Massachusetts, but they do not begin to compare with those of North Carolina. Streams of water, knee deep ran across the road every few rods and several times the wagons and ambulances got stuck in such places and had a hard time in getting out, and to make it worse still it rained nearly all the afternoon. In some places the mud was so stiff we had to work hard to get our feet out and then perhaps the next step we would slip back half as far as we advanced. We arrived in New Berne in season for a good supper which was ready for us.

P. S. I thought I would tell you how many men we had on the expedition. The first march we had eighty-five men, but this time we had only fifty men, next time I do not expect we shall have any. There are thirteen men in our company who are on the sick list now.

C. W. HAVEN.

FOSTER BARRACKS,

NEW BERNE, N. C., Thursday, January 22, 1863.

We arrived last night home from our second expedition with whole skins and merry hearts at once more seeing the barracks. We started about nine o'clock Saturday morning the 17th. We advanced some seven miles before noon when we stopped and had dinner. The force consisted of the Forty-fifth and Forty-third Mass. and seven companies of the Fifty-first Mass. with some half a dozen pieces of light artillery and about seven hundred cavalry. Our regiment did not number over four hundred men, the remainder being on picket or sick. We started onward again after dinner and reached a place called Pollocksville about sunset, a distance of fifteen miles, being delayed somewhat by the building of a bridge which had been burned some time before by the rebels. At this place is a cross road, roads leading to Kinston,

Trenton and Wilmington. Our camp was scattered over a great space so as to give appearance of a great encampment. After stacking arms and building fires we were very unceremoniously informed that our company were to go on picket. They scattered us along the road towards Trenton about a mile. When our advance came into Pollocksville some rebel cavalry skedaddled in all directions pursued by our cavalry, so we supposed the enemy near by in some considerable force. Our company was divided into little squads of three or four, extending down the road, except the three outposts where there was one man at a post. My post would have been the third, but I know not why the Captain placed me on the outpost. It was the coldest night we had and we were obliged to have no fire and to keep as still as possible. About eleven the Captain sent two more men at each post so as to relieve the others. I believe I never suffered so much from cold before though being on the watch kept us warmer. We saw no enemy and had no alarm. In the morning the column advanced toward Trenton, leaving five companies of our regiment to guard the cross road. Captains Wood and Wheeler went on to Trenton. We returned to camp as soon as the column passed and spent our time in trying to make ourselves comfortable for the night. We got a good night's rest and felt like something the next morning. My rest was short though, for as soon as I had eaten my breakfast I was detailed on picket and sent down the road towards Wilmington some two miles. My post should have been the second, but the sergeant said he wanted one man to act as corporal, so he placed me as corporal with two men on the outpost. The force sent to Trenton arrived in the forenoon having destroyed the jail and many houses. Our regiment, except the two companies, then started down the Wilmington road. When I went on picket in the morning I had forgotten to carry my blankets, expecting to return for them in the afternoon, I was obliged, therefore, to run back to camp and catch up with the regiment. I came up with them three miles from camp, where they had halted. By this forced exertion I was obliged after a little while to let the boys carry my things, one my gun, one my blanket, my haversack and canteen. They were very kind, if they had not helped me I should have been obliged to fall out. When we had gone about eight miles we came upon a bridge which had been burned by the rebels. As we came in sight some shots were fired at us from the other side of the river. We halted and prepared ourselves for an engagement, but being just sundown we returned some little distance and turned in side of a fence, lying on our arms and not allowed to have fires, but before long

our cavalry came up with us and we were allowed to camp as usual. As we were about turning in orders came for Company C to advance down to the river, cross the broken bridge and protect the men while building the bridge. We started without a murmur, expecting some pretty hot work, but when we had gone about half way we had orders to return, thinking it too dangerous to attempt it until morning. Somewhat relieved we started back and had a good night's rest. Early next morning Company C was ordered to go forward as skirmishers. When we reached the stream the second platoon remained on this side while we advanced across a single plank to the other side. One of our boys fell into the river, the log turning beneath him. After our platoon had crossed over the broken bridge it was divided into two sections composed of about a dozen men each. The second section halted about a dozen rods from the bridge and acted as a reserve. Pickets had crossed the stream the night before and found six sabres belonging to the rebel cavalry in a picket station, but they had not advanced but a few rods from the bridge, so we advanced with the expectation of meeting them every moment. The first section now advanced again, four skirmishing on the right over an open field, four to the left through a dense wood and the rest, consisting of the Captain, Orderly Sergeant Wadsworth, Corporal Porter and three privates selected by the Captain, kept along the road. Henry Longley, Payson Perry and myself were the three privates. It showed, I think, that the Captain put some confidence in us by selecting us from the company to go in advance. We went along the road until we got through the woods without seeing or hearing anything like a rebel. Here was an open field of about half a mile in diameter, and we advanced with great caution. We saw some smoke rising up on our right which we thought must be a picket station, and the Corporal with Longley and Perry went off to the right to surround it, but it proved to be a negro hut. While they were gone I saw up the road close to the woods a rebel cavalryman. I tried to conceal myself but he saw me and ran down the road. We then went to the woods where there was a cross road, being about a mile from the bridge. The workmen had by this time finished it and the Colonel with some others came where we were. The Captain soon after placed two others with myself down the road some distance to be the outpost. Our cavalry soon came along and when they had passed us a few moments we heard shots fired, showing that there were rebels in front, but they immediately ran with our boys after them pell-mell. The cross roads was now made the headquarters of the first platoon and the boys built a

bough house and we had our dinners. In the afternoon the Captain gave three of us permission to go out foraging. We went three miles down the road to a plantation where there were about seventy slaves. We told them to pack up their duds and get ready to go to New Berne with us for they were hereafter free. They were ready to go and only waited to be asked. They gave us a half-bushel of meal, a dozen of eggs and all the sweet potatoes I could carry. I gave this to the company. It had rained nearly all day and now it poured down in earnest. Such a night as we had I never saw before. We wet our blankets and everything else through. We could hardly get any sleep, being obliged to stand up or lie in the water. In the night the negroes commenced to come in. Some came from a distance of seven miles. There were five yokes of oxen, some half a dozen mules and about one hundred and fifty negroes, some old, some young. One man was seventy-seven years old. We marched into camp next morning with a queer appearance. Our whole negro train in front with "Higgie's Pets" bringing up the rear. Our Captain mounted on a mule led the company. The roadside was lined with the other boys who cheered and laughed, making quite a novel sight. We started now for home, which we reached about sundown, a distance of twenty-three miles. At Pollocksville while the regiment rested I got ahead and so got home before the regiment.

L. L. HICKS.

NEW BERNE, January 22, 1863.

We returned last night from a five days' expedition. We marched twenty-two miles in one day and did not start until eight in the morning. We started on Saturday, three regiments, consisting of the Forty-third, Forty-fifth and Fifty-first Mass., six pieces of artillery and between four and five hundred cavalry. We marched as far as Pollocksville, a distance of eleven miles, and here we encamped for the night. We fired only two guns, as the rebels had run, not being reinforced. We had just got our rails and had a nice fire built when orders came for Company C to go on picket out about a mile. We had a ration of what they call "whiskey" delivered out to warm us up and prevent the chills, but it is miserable stuff which they have in the army, it will not burn and has a very unpleasant taste. We were not allowed to have any fires and of course we could not keep very warm. We came back in the morning to where we had encamped the night previous, and five companies of our regiment staid over Sunday, the

others going on to Trenton. We staid where we were till about noon the next day, when they returned, and we were ordered on and they left behind. We marched until nearly dark, when we heard two guns in our advance, we were ordered into line and did not know but that we should have a brush with them. There were only five companies of us and the Colonel ordered us to retreat about half a mile, and there we encamped for the night. We had just got our accoutrements off when Company C was ordered to fall in and advance again. We had not gone more than half a mile before we were ordered back. We were to guard the workmen while they built a bridge which the rebels had burnt up, but they finally concluded they would wait until morning, so we went back. Soon the cavalry came up and scoured the woods to be sure there were no rebels very near, and we were allowed to build a fire. We had twenty crackers delivered out to us in our haversacks and about a pound of meat.

Tuesday our company was ordered to the bridge to guard the workmen, who were negroes, about thirty of them with spades and axes. I assure you they work them very hard, the engineer stands with a stick and lays it on them when they do not work to suit him or get a little lazy. Our company was sent out as skirmishers, one in a place, behind trees, and we were obliged to keep a sharp lookout in all directions. About ten o'clock they finished the bridge and we went on. We were left on the road as pickets in four squads. We started about half-past eight for New Berne, about one hundred and twenty contrabands coming with us.

C. A. MOORE.



## EXPEDITION TO DEEP GULLY, AND LIFE AT MOREHEAD CITY.

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MOREHEAD, March 4, 1863.

We came down yesterday, and are enjoying ourselves very much. My last letter will tell you this movement was intended, and also our excursion into the country to spend a week for our health, and that we returned last Friday; that was for our health, and I suppose this is, too. You wrote that it was cold in Massachusetts that Sabbath. I know it was here, in the afternoon and during the night of that day. I was on guard, so that I speak from experience, with nothing to do but stay around and keep watch of things. It began to rain Saturday just as we finished pitching our tents, about five P. M., and rained considerably during the night, and during Sabbath forenoon most earnestly. Of course the ground became very wet, and as only half of the tents were put up on Saturday for the guard, the rest of them were pitched Sabbath morning in very moist places, very suggestive of mud-puddles. In the afternoon we had some pine boughs put down to lay our blankets on. Our tents were not water-proof, being only shelter tents of not very heavy drilling; neither were they very commodious—four pieces buttoned together and stretched on a pole so as to resemble the roof of a house, accommodating four men. We crawled into them in the most approved Esquimaux style. Of course, we could not stand up in them, or sit up in them comfortably until we raised them up about a foot on walls made of rails and earth; then we made turf chimneys at one end, and so were quite comfortable for most of the time. We had one day which was perfectly splendid. It rained on Thursday, too, fast enough so that we had to spread our rubber blankets on the outside of the tent to keep things dry inside. I did not think it best to sleep much that night, and spent most of the time by the little fire we were allowed to keep. We were so near the advanced pickets that lights in the camp were contraband for the first two or three nights, but it was so cold that night that the guards kept a handful of fire at their tents. One poor fellow was taken with the chills, but fortunately survived; he was taken while

sleeping, and if he had not been waked I think he would never have known anything about it; they almost all lose their reason in a short time, and I think his would have fled if he had been allowed to sleep as long as he would. It is thought now that it is an epidemic which has afflicted us, like that of 1832, in which nineteen out of twenty attacked with it died. Deacon Kendall's son, Henry, will not live, it is thought, and also Rice. The rest of us are very well, that is, are improving, and none are coming down. The soldiers whose place we take say that it is very healthy here, and that none of their men have been sick.

I can live well now, with my box and a good supply of oysters, which I can get by going a few rods and shelling them myself. I had some yesterday. I shelled out a quart, with which I intend to prepare a good breakfast in the morning. I presume we shall get tired of them before long, but at present this item in our bill of fare is very acceptable.

This place is quite sandy; very little grass can be seen; in fact, the whole country is noticeable for lack of grazing. The railroad runs along the main street; trains run each way at least once a day. Companies A and C are located here, E and F at Beaufort, G at the Block House, near our old barracks, K (Kimball's company) at Evans Mills; the other companies at Newport Barracks, about ten miles up the railroad. From all accounts, we are as pleasantly located as any of the companies.

Some of the houses are quite pretty, mostly two stories, and on the whole the place resembles a New England village the most of any place I have seen. There is a large hotel here, indicating that this was quite a resort during the summer months before secession blasted its prospects. It suffers in common with other and all places that I have seen, and now Union soldiers occupy the houses of the proud Southerners and are set to guard them all the time. How galling this must be to their fiery natures. Some of them still remain here and are considered to be rank secessionists by those who have talked with them. Yesterday we moved into a real bona-fide house with paint and plaster on its walls, the first time I think that I have been in one since the 24th of last November. A hall runs through the centre of the house with a room on each side of it. I am on the lower floor on the left hand. Spaulding is in this room; he is very well and wishes to be remembered; twelve of us have to occupy each of these four rooms, and fifteen or sixteen are in a house a short distance from us.

There is a nice level place in front of our house where we play ball and shall probably drill. We are to have company and regimental drill. Our house stands but a short distance from the salt water and if we go across the street we come to the water again not more than forty or fifty rods from here. Our rooms are each supplied with four windows and a fire-place.

It is very pleasant and cosy here and far from being lonesome. At present we sleep on the floor, but hope to be able to sleep in bunks before long. We could not have our own place the first night, but slept in a sort of a barn across the street near the water. There was quite a strong wind that afternoon and when I retired the roaring of the old ocean lulled me to sleep. It does not seem much like soldiering and the beauty of it is that we are suffering it all for the Union.

Our house is white, with green blinds and a little porch with a door leading out to it. We have no guard over us and can go where we please if we behave ourselves. It is very pleasant to be free to roam at will. It seems to us much more pleasant here now than when we came here first, then home scenes were so fresh in mind that this place could not compare favorably with them, but now having been here some time and being accustomed to southern scenes we are better able to give it justice.

G. E. DUNLAP.

MOREHEAD CITY, March 6, 1863.

We arrived in this place last Tuesday evening about 5 o'clock. It is much pleasanter than I expected. We go on guard once in three days and drill only two hours a day. Quite a change from what we had in New Berne. We have about 72 men and occupy two secesh houses of four rooms each, and every room has a fire-place. We have fresh meat, each mess is allowed to draw it raw and cook it to suit themselves. The last time we had a hind-quarter and made a splendid dinner of steak.

It is beautiful here now. I do not know what it will be in the summer. I was on guard last night. My post was on a pier about four feet wide that ran out into the harbor about thirty rods to within range of an island. I had to stop all boats that came between me and that island, and make them show their passes, so you see I held the maritime interests of the town in the "hollow of my hand" as it were. Between one and three o'clock this morning it was splendid to stand far out over the water, on the pier at low tide, and listen to the breakers over beyond the bar. It was so still you could hear a pin drop.

We can find all the oysters we want on the harbor beach. I have had two messes since I came—one a stew and the other raw. As there is no camp guard we can go where we choose, if we get back in time for drill and roll-call. The Captain tells us if we behave ourselves it will continue so, but if we get to "cutting up" we shall forfeit our privileges.

C. B. FRY.

MOREHEAD CITY, March 6, 1863.

We have removed from New Berne to Morehead City, where we are now doing guard duty. We received orders to march for Morehead on March 1st, when we were up at Deep Gully where we had been staying for a week. This place is nine miles from New Berne. It was called a sanitary movement, we called it a cemetery movement, for we had a cold rain for two days, and the nights were cooler than Greenland. We had shelter tents, little bits of things, four sleep in one. We built fire-places at one end of them, had fires all night. You ought to have seen us in our little tents. We looked like so many hogs in pens. But after all we had a very nice time.

C. F. PIERCE.

MOREHEAD CITY, April 8, 1863.

I am well, "fat, ragged and saucy." I had the blues this forenoon. I received this afternoon four letters which, by reading them and looking at the greenbacks and postage stamps, the blues were driven, I hope, "to that bourne from which no traveller returns." I had a pass yesterday and had a sail some twenty-five miles from Morehead; went down to a place called Eastern Banks, about ten miles north of Cape Lookout. We went after shells, but were unfortunate, as most of the shells were covered up with as much as three feet of sand. The wind had been blowing towards the shore for the last four days. If I did not get so many shells as I wanted to I had a splendid ride of fifty miles. I intend to get a collection of shells and send them home. We stopped at Beaufort when we were going down. It is just the same to the South as Newport is to the North. Companies E and F are stationed over there. They are quartered in a hotel; have a hard time, going on guard every other day. There is a Company F of First North Carolina Volunteers over there besides. I was talking with one of the company three weeks ago down at the depot. This fellow came from Hyde county. He owned a farm up there of 300 acres. He was down on the rebels, said the rebels had taken everything of his away.

They got 300 bushels of corn, 4 or 5 pairs of mules, wagons, and many head of cattle. He had been making preparations to leave for the Federal lines when there came an order that he was drafted into the rebel army. He thought it was about time to leave, so after sending his wife off he started for Beaufort. The rebel authorities getting wind of it pursued him, but as he said he understood sailing a little better than they did he got away from them.

They have detailed eleven men and a sergeant out of Companies A and C to act as marines on board of a gunboat down in the harbor. Sergeant Dunlap, five men from the Sutton quota, Lavarty, Taft, Hinds and Tom Gilbert from our company. Bowman is the sergeant from the City Guards. The whole detail is under the command of Lieutenant Sanderson. I wanted to go but could not get a chance.

I had a sail down the harbor last Sunday; went within half a mile of Fort Macon. We stopped to speak to some officers on a gunboat, then went to a schooner where we staid an hour or so. We had a race with another ship's boat when going back, they got little the best of us. I wish you would tell M—— that he has but a faint idea of what a soldier's life is. It is something more than drilling with your nice clothes on. It is drilling five and a half hours every day and going on guard twice a week, rain or shine. We have a very easy time here, drill only two hours a day, and go on guard about three times in eight days. It is a great deal easier than up at New Berne. Then go on these marches through mud and water or sand. Walk ten to twenty miles a day with thirty-five pounds about you, which is "light marching order."

C. F. PIERCE.

MOREHEAD CITY, March 16, 1863.

Since my last letter, Company C has been hustled around considerably. We came to Morehead Tuesday, leaving four companies at Newport Barracks, Companies A and C being left at Morehead and two going over to Beaufort; the other two are, one at Brice's Ferry and the other at Evans Mills. We at Morehead think we have got into just the right place at last. We are quartered in houses, and very good ones, the two companies occupying three houses. The one I am in is a house of four large rooms, two above and two below, with a pleasant veranda to each story, one above the other. The house has two doors, one at each end of a wide hall which runs through the middle of the house, the rooms being on each side. We are having bunks put up in each room. The house stands about fifty rods from

the water, where we go at low tide to get oysters, which are so plenty one might get a house-full every day. The duty is very pleasant, drill light, only two hours a day, and dress-parade at five P. M. There is a daily detail of nine men for picket, six to the depot and three for town.

C. L. MAYNARD.

MOREHEAD CITY, March 20, 1863.

Saturday our company played against the City Guards, in accordance with an invitation we gave them. We played for fifty tallies, and we stood 51 to their 33. Your humble servant had the honor of being one of the two catchers of our company and first batter. Yesterday I was on picket on the shore of Bogue Sound, our duty being to stop all boats passing up or down and examine their passes. Some try to go by without stopping, and the way we play the balls into them is quite lively. We fired six times at one boat yesterday before she would bring to and come in. We fire one across the bow, and then if she does not come in we fire into her.

C. L. MAYNARD.

NEW BERNE, February 28, 1863.

I was on picket yesterday. They detail a certain number from each company every day for this duty. We go out about two miles from camp, with a day's rations in our haversacks, and are posted four in a place, generally three privates and one corporal, a quarter of a mile apart. I had a comfortable place to sleep, as the One Hundred and Seventy-first Pennsylvania regiment had encamped there a short time before, and we took one of their shanties. We were obliged to stand two hours at a time, and keep a sharp lookout in all directions. We drill every day; they have battalion drill every other day, and the intervening days brigade drill, consisting of four regiments.

Saturday, the 21st, we were ordered to march, with one day's rations cooked and five days' uncooked. We were ready in line about ten o'clock. We marched about ten miles towards Kinston. It was then about three o'clock in the afternoon, and we commenced to pitch our shelter tents, which had never been used before. They are made so you can button them together, and any number sleep under them. We got them pitched before dark, and some grass cut for bedding. We were ordered to load our guns and carry them into the tents with us, also to sleep with our equipments on. A candle had been given

out the night previous at every other tent, and one by good luck came to us. We had just got it nicely lighted when the order came for all lights to be extinguished, and so we were obliged to lie down and go to sleep, as no loud talking was allowed. Two companies of the Twenty-fifth Massachusetts (K and G) are here, encamped this side of where we are; we are encamped just inside their pickets. We fell in for our coffee at seven, with five hard-tack, what we called our rations.

C. A. MOORE.

## EXPEDITION TO CEDAR POINT AND SWANSBORO, N. C.

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(Official Report.)

HEADQUARTERS FIFTY-FIRST MASS. REGIMENT,  
BEAUFORT, N. C., March 11, 1863.

Colonel:—

In obedience to instructions from Department Headquarters, I left Newport Barracks on the morning of the 7th inst., with Companies B, C, D, H and I of my regiment, a section of Lee's Battery, Lieutenant Cady, and Captain Moshelle's company of Third New York Cavalry. Passing through the "pecosin," around the head of Big Broad Creek, we arrived at Cedar Point, opposite Swansboro, some eighteen miles from Newport, about four o'clock in the afternoon of the 7th. The Steamer *Wilson* did not make her appearance at the mouth of the White Oak river as arranged, and as no other transportation could be procured to cross the river (about one and a half miles at this place), the troops went into bivouac in the woods at Cedar Point.

On the morning of the 8th, the *Wilson* not having arrived, I accompanied Captain Moshelle's company of New York cavalry on a reconnoissance up the east side of White Oak creek to a point called Dorton's Ferry (about eighteen miles distant to the Point from the Ferry by road), about six miles from Smith's Mills or Young's. En route we passed over Pittsford's, Hadnot's and Hunter's Creeks, examined Dorton's Ferry, long since abandoned as a thoroughfare and entirely impracticable as such in consequence of the extended marsh over which a road must necessarily be built to the river. The marsh which borders the river at this point is nearly a mile in width, and the river in the vicinity of two hundred feet broad. There is no ferry or ford between the Point and the mouth of White Oak river. We returned to Cedar Point, arriving at camp soon after dark.

On the morning of the 9th communicated with Lieutenant-Colonel Lewis, who had reached Swansboro, coming down on the other side of the river with a detachment of Third New York Cavalry.

At six o'clock A. M., 10th inst., left Cedar Point and returned to Newport Barracks. Saw nothing of the enemy during our advance and absence, and am convinced that they do not cross White Oak river in force, and that Swansboro has only been occupied by some fifteen or twenty of the enemy as an outpost.



Brigadier-General Potter, chief of staff, joined me in the expedition, and I respectfully refer to him, in the matter of details, relative to ferry, fords, depth and width of rivers, etc., in conformity to original instructions.

I have the honor to be, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

A. B. R. SPRAGUE,

Col. 51st Mass. Regiment.

LIEUT.-COL. S. HOFFMAN,

A. A. General 18th Army Corps.

MOREHEAD CITY, March 16, 1862.

We had orders to move at a half-hour's notice on Friday evening, Feb. 6, in light marching order. The cars took us to Newport Barracks, where we were stowed quite comfortably for the night. Next morning we started, five companies of us, which were B, C, D, H and I. Our route was a short distance way from the coast and through the most swampy district I have yet seen. Five miles, at least, was clear mud, from three inches to two feet deep. We stood it for twenty miles, when we arrived on the opposite side of the bay from Swansboro, where we were halted, when I found that we were ordered to hold the place three days. We took only three days' rations with us, but it managed to last by the addition of a little hard bread brought along by one of the ambulances. I visited two or three small, poor plantations, minus the slaves. The occupants are all good Union citizens, so long as our troops are near by in force. We laid around there three nights and part of three days, doing nothing but walking in the woods and along the shore. We marched back the same way we went.

L. H. BIGELOW.

MOREHEAD CITY, March 16, 1863.

We were allowed to rest in peace until Friday night, when Captain Goodell came rushing over to the quarters with orders for the company to be ready to get on board the cars in half an hour, so we hustled around right smart and in about three-quarters of an hour were on board the cars. No one could tell where we were going; the Captain told us we were to march seventeen miles that night. The company were in high spirits, singing and carrying on generally. Talk about fast riding. I thought I had ridden fast, but our moonlight ride beats all my previous rides. We arrived at Newport Barracks, where we got off the cars and there learned that we were to stay there all night, and

march in the morning with the four companies we left here at the Barracks, with fifty cavalry and a battery of two pieces, smooth-bore twelve-pounders.

It was about 7 o'clock when we started, and we were about eight hours on the road, having the worst road to travel I was ever on in my life,—mud and water up to our knees. We marched very fast and when we arrived at Cedar Point, on Bogue Sound opposite Swansboro, a distance of twenty-two miles from Newport Barracks, the boys were nearly played out; as for myself I have not seen a day's march which I travelled easier, or was so little tired at night as I was on that night. We camped in a beautiful place in the midst of a live-oak grove, where we got plenty of rails for our fires and any quantity of leaves for our beds. We slept very comfortably where we could lie on our leafy beds, looking up into the deep blue of the sky with here and there a star twinkling down on the silent sleepers.

The next day was Sunday; the weather was quite hot. We got through the day as well as we could. The cavalry went off on a scout and came back late in the evening.

The next morning I in company with two cavalry boys, with whom I had formed an acquaintance, wandered down to the shore and we amused ourselves by looking at Swansboro through a spy-glass. We could see all over the town, which seems to sit on a side-hill fronting us. We could see women, also two men. All at once I saw them skedaddle, as I was looking through the glass. A number of cavalry charged into the town, one squad of them rushed down to the shore and began to signal to our shore bearing the signal flag of the Federal Signal Corps. So we knew they must be a part of the expedition which started from New Berne. After watching them a while, they went back, when one of the boys that was with me went over with some others in a boat. They brought back several things taken from the stores. I have got something for father, 'tis a nice new day-book which has not an entry in it. The paper is quite nice. I am going to send it home the first chance I can get.

Tuesday morning we started on the return march, the expedition having accomplished nothing whatever. Nothing of interest occurred on the march. We staid at Newport Barracks that night. The next morning about ten we took the cars for Morehead City. I forgot to mention that Monday night, after we all had got nicely to sleep, we had the heaviest thunder and the sharpest lightning I ever saw or heard, accompanied by considerable rain. I did not get up, but pulled the rubber blanket over my head and slept soundly until morning.

We had fresh pork, for a great many young pigs were running through the woods, one of which I had the pleasure of running my sabre through. We had a big pile of boiled eggs. I brought a whole ham to Morehead in my haversack with the leg sticking out at the top. I wish you could have been with our company as we arrived at Newport Barracks after that long, muddy march, covered with dirty, black mud from head to foot, faces and all. For every little distance, as we were picking our way through a swamp-hole knee-deep, one would lose his foothold and tumble head first into the—what I could not help calling blackberry jam. You can well believe that the unfortunate would come out somewhat muddy.

C. L. MAYNARD.

## LIFE AT FORT MACON, NORTH CAROLINA.

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FORT MACON, April 10, 1863.

You see that this is dated on the day on which I told you we were ordered to change our place of abode, and that we are where I wrote you in my last I thought we might be. We started early in the morning to complete our preparations and about eight went down to the depot where we found a tug-boat, on which we went directly and were in a short time transported to the fort, which is only a mile or two from the depot. We went up to the fort and took possession of our quarters, which are very pleasant and comfortable, reminding me very strongly of college and college life. We did nothing in particular during the day, except to get more perfectly settled and watch the occupants of the fort in their drill with the cannon. We occupy three rooms, each in charge of a sergeant; there are twenty of us in this room, several of them being room-mates or were at Morehead. Spaulding is one and is opposite me by the entrance to the room. Miller is in the room next to me. Wadsworth is with the other orderlies, those of Company I, Forty-fifth and Company C, First Regiment U. S. Artillery. The fort is on an island and forty or fifty rods from the wharf. A railroad track is laid nearly up to the fort on which the soldiers convey quite easily whatever is to be brought into the fort. A comfortable walk is provided for us by laying boards on the ties between the rails. You can imagine the situation of things by thinking of a large mound whose top has been removed and its centre dug out to the depth of about sixteen feet, and in circumference perhaps seventy yards; around this cellar, as you call it, a thick brick wall is built as high as the surface of the ground, the inner part of it being lower, and arranged for mounting of guns; twenty are placed on this terre-plein or rampart; I suppose it would accommodate at least twice that number. Cannoniers' rooms for guns were placed in the bottom of this wall on the inside so as to command the sally-port or entrances to the inner fort in case the enemy should gain the outer rampart. Between the outer and inner fort is a moat about fifteen feet wide, over which is a bridge sloping downward toward the inner wall; in this wall is a strong double gate. I





VIEWS OF FORT MACON, N. C.

pity the men who may ever be directed to stand on the bridge and attempt to break down these gates. The inner wall is about fifty feet thick through which rooms run from side to side, these are about eighteen feet wide and arched, with two ventilators through the top; one door opening on the parade-ground—centre of fort—and a window at the opposite end, looking towards the moat, so arranged that a field-piece can be fired when necessary. On either side of the window is a loophole for the riflemen to shoot at the enemy as he appears on the outer wall. The centre is five-sided, not of equal length, however. Three flights of stairs conduct us to the top of the inner wall on which seventeen guns are mounted. Under each flight of stairs is a pump. A brick walk runs around the enclosure. The centre is covered with powdered oyster shells. There is a fire-place in each room, and enough single bunks for most of us provided with tick and straw. It seems very much like being in a city, the gates are closed at night when the sunset gun is fired and the flag taken down, and opened at sunrise. Everything is kept very neat here and it is very pleasant. About all the grass I have seen in North Carolina is on the top of this hill. We have dress-parade a little before the setting of the sun, immediately after which we go to our respective places in case of an attack. We cannot go out of the fort without the countersign between sunset and sunrise. The boys cannot run guard here, if they wished to. I feel almost provoked with myself for being so honest in this respect while at Worcester. I know more now than then. At the time when the rebels took possession of the fort, before the breaking out of the war, it was occupied by a sergeant with his family and one private. Corporal Kimball of the Regulars, who is commissary for the post, was one of the gunners with Burnside when he besieged the fort, his first shot dismounted a large gun which is now mounted on the outer wall in the angle toward the sea. He knew the situation of the magazine and three shots in succession were thrown into the same place in the wall, just over the door leading to it. It appeared to our brothers by that time that they were somewhat in danger, and they wisely surrendered.

G. E. DUNLAP.

FORT MACON, April 11, 1863.

On April 9th we received orders to get ready to march for Fort Macon. This surprised us greatly as we all wanted to stay. I was on guard the first day. The countersign was White Plains. We have to attend strictly to business; have to do it right up à la militaire style. Wear white gloves, shoes blacked up and carry guns always at right

shoulder, shift or at support. Company I of the Forty-fifth Regiment Mass. Vols., according to my mind, is the best drilled nine months' company. There is also Company C of the First U. S. Artillery here. We are going to stay here and do garrison duty and learn to work the guns. I had a pass to-day; went over to Beaufort. I had quite an adventure over there; when I was getting into the boat I put my hands up against the wharf to steady myself and in so doing the boat naturally pushed away and down I went into the water to the bottom, ten feet, when I came up I grabbed the boat and got in rather wet.

C. F. PIERCE.

FORT MACON, at the entrance of Beaufort Harbor.

April 21, 1863.

We have received our pay to the first of March, which amounted to \$83.20. I shall send home \$70.00; the check I expect will come over from Beaufort to-day. We have to work now harder than we ever did before. We have to get up at sunrise and drill from half-past six to half-past seven, and from ten to eleven in artillery, and from four to five in the afternoon, with dress parade at six. We have to go on guard once in three days and once in four days. We have to go on in the night two hours and sit up two hours before we can go to sleep, then we can sleep what time we can in two hours, then we go on guard. We have inspection every time we go on guard and dress parade, which we have never done before. We have to drill in the afternoon as usual, the next day we have to go on police duty, and in the afternoon we have to patrol the island up five or six miles and get back at retreat. We are not allowed to go out of the fort after dress parade. When Ira and I were on patrol we killed two snakes, one of them was an adder, and a large one, too. Came near stepping on him as he faced us. The other one was a large black snake. I was on guard Sunday. The boys killed twelve copperheads. I shall not have to go on guard when my turn comes the next time. The one that makes the best shot in the morning gets excused and I happened to be lucky enough to get it. The duty is hard, but we live better than we ever did before. We have soft bread nine days out of ten, it is tip-top bread, baked here in the fort and we get it warm. We had artillery practice last Saturday. Our company fired twenty rounds at a target up where Burnside planted his battery. We did not hit it, but we came pretty close to it, so that I should not like to stand there when the shells burst. I was almost deaf when we got through. It was in



one corner of the fort and one of the guns pointed almost at me. Some of the shells burst almost before they got out of the gun. They were some of the shells that the rebels had. The company out of the Forty-fifth fired three and the regulars three with the ten-inch columbiads; every shot went pretty near, and two of them hit the target. The shells weigh 138 pounds. We fired thirty-four guns yesterday for the taking of the Fort. It is just one year from yesterday, the twenty-sixth day of April. We fired a battery of eight guns. The pickets brought in a rebel this morning. He had a pass, but he could not get in on that because there had not been any passes given out. He said there were a "right smart lot" of rebels opposite Newport barracks.

G. W. TOURTELOTTE.

## CAMP LIFE, AFTER LEAVING FORT MACON, AT FOSTER BARRACKS AND CAMP WELLINGTON.

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MAY 2, 1862.

Received orders to return to New Berne.

May 4, about 10 o'clock, we left the fort with Company I, Forty-fifth Mass. Infantry on the steam tug *Long* and a flat which she towed along. Company E came from Beaufort with all their baggage and Company F also, but Company F got aground and we waited till after three when we left, stopping at Morehead and taking on Company A, then we came up here and landed this side of the bridge, unloaded our baggage, and teams were there to take it over here to the old Foster Barracks. After unloading from the cars and loading on to the teams we started off with the men to this place, and arrived here a little before sundown and found the barracks very dirty, indeed, they have been used for a convalescent camp since we left and most shamefully used, too, some of the rooms as horse stables. The men went to work and cleaned them up so they could stay the first night, and the next day they washed them thoroughly and fixed them up some, so that now they look quite decent. We had dress parade last night and the Colonel told us that we were here only temporarily, that we should soon go into tents, as these barracks are in range of Fort Gaston.

The duties of the camp for the present are:—

Reveille . . . . .	5.30 A. M.
Surgeon's Call . . . . .	6.30.
Breakfast . . . . .	7.
Troop . . . . .	7.30.
Guard Mounting . . . . .	8.
Drill . . . . .	8.30 to 10.
Dinner . . . . .	12 M.
Drill . . . . .	4 to 5.30 P. M.
Retreat . . . . .	6.30.
Supper . . . . .	7.
Tattoo . . . . .	9.
Taps . . . . .	9.30.

22d. Moved to Camp Wellington.

24th. Last night at half-past nine o'clock we were ordered to be ready to march at a moment's notice with one day's rations and sixty rounds of cartridges. We got to bed at one and slept till morning. We were not called upon to march and as the troops that did go have all returned I presume we shall not go.

27th. General Foster came to camp this morning, or rather at noon. The regiment was ordered out and he made them an offer, if they would enlist now to go into a regiment of heavy artillery to garrison the forts here, he would send them right home on the first steamer, and give them thirty days' furlough and the U. S. government will give one hundred dollars bounty and the State of Mass. fifty more.

June 18th. Went to Morehead City, unloading telegraph poles on the way.

J. O. BEMIS.

#### CAMP WELLINGTON.

NEW BERNE, May 28, 1863.

We have moved up side of the railroad near the city, so we save four miles of travel when we go into the city. Our old barracks are being taken down with those of the Seventeenth Mass., to give range to the guns at Fort Gaston. We are now in what they call A tents, such as the Twenty-fifth had in Worcester. It is awful hot here now and especially in the tents, as hot as it is in July at home. Blackberries are ripe. I saw some green peaches and figs the other day up in the city. I had a pass yesterday and went all over New Berne, up to the Twenty-fifth camp, to Fort Totten, which is a very strong earthwork. I saw prisoners that had a thirty-two pound ball and chain on and that had a board about six feet long with their arms strapped on it horizontally. The reason this was done was because the men refused to work.

I hear that they are preparing a reception for the Fifty-first when we reach Worcester, where I expect to be in four weeks. They are trying to get a heavy artillery regiment out of the nine months' troops. There is offered one hundred and fifty dollars bounty and thirty days' furlough. General Foster has been around to all the nine months' troops telling them about this regiment. He came over to our regiment the other day. We fell in and formed column closed in mass and then General Foster made us a little speech. Then we gave him nine cheers.

The Forty-third pickets made a pretty important capture a day or two ago. One of the pickets happened to be some distance from his post when he saw what he thought to be a man, and hurried back to the post to inform his comrades. They went out with their guns and ordered the man to halt, he kept right on walking when they fired at him, then he started to run and they after him, but he got stuck in the mud and the pickets caught him. The man said, "Well, boys, you have caught me, let me change my clothes?" He had an extra suit with him and he turned out to be a rebel major with the plan of all the forts and fortifications in and around New Berne. Some of our boys saw him when he went past our camp under guard to the city. He was a handsome-looking man.

C. F. PIERCE.

CAMP WELLINGTON,  
NEW BERNE, May 28, 1863.

Last Saturday we received orders to be in readiness to move at a moment's notice, with one day's rations in our haversacks. The expedition of the Second Brigade to Core Creek, about fifteen or so miles up towards Kinston, having, it was said, met with more than was anticipated. We got ready and remained so all night and the next day, but no orders came, and towards the evening of Sunday news came that the forces had been withdrawn. I think a majority of the boys would like to have gone, especially after hearing of the death of Colonel Jones of the One Hundred and Fifty-eighth New York. He has had command of the outposts in that direction for some time, and was an efficient and brave officer. When shot he was reconnoitering far in advance of his forces. The rebels will no doubt rejoice over his death, for he is by this time well known to them, and they are not poor judges of military merit. His loss is worth more to them than would be that of any brigadier-general of this department.

General Foster visited the camps of all the nine months' regiments in this corps yesterday, and addressed them on the subject of re-enlisting. He desires to organize a regiment of heavy artillery, consisting of eighteen hundred men, twelve companies of one hundred and fifty men each, and sixty officers, out of the nine months' troops here, Major Frankle of the Seventeenth Massachusetts is the would-be and probably will be the colonel. The men who re-enlist will immediately go home on a thirty days' furlough, and receive \$100 bounty from the United States and \$50 more from Massachusetts. They will garrison the defences of this department.

We have a beautiful camp now, all laid out in broad streets, and set out with pine tops about fifteen or twenty feet high. We are in A tents, little things shaped like an A; four of us are together in one. Ours where I live is furnished with a board floor raised from the ground to serve as bunks, and there we sleep like pigs in clover, only it is awfully crowded. Some of the more cheeky have only two in a tent. I am determined to avail myself of none but legitimate advantages and subscribe to the letter of the law so far as it is anywise tolerable.

A rebel spy was captured across the river the other day trying to make his exit through our lines. He holds a major's commission in the rebel army, and had plans of all the fortifications around New Bern, even those now in process of construction. He was captured by a Boston boy of the Forty-third Massachusetts. He carried a valise containing his regimentals, and wore at the time of his abortive endeavors to escape a citizen's garb of the plainest texture. He led off in a fine foot-race, but the young Athenian was a model of perseverance, penetrating swamps up to his neck in the chase. It remains now to be seen if they will hang him or no. If they do not, I do not see how they can ask God's blessing on our arms.

General Foster is absent for a time, and Colonel Amory, commanding our brigade, is acting Major-General *pro tem*. He is not a very energetic man, and his being a West Pointer and an admirer of McClellan does not prepossess us in his favor. He is a fine tactician, but, like his ideal, is averse to the shedding of blood.

C. B. FRY.

## EXPERIENCES OF THE COMPANY AFTER LEAVING NEW BERNE UNTIL MUSTERED OUT.

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(*Official Report by Colonel A. B. R. Sprague.*)

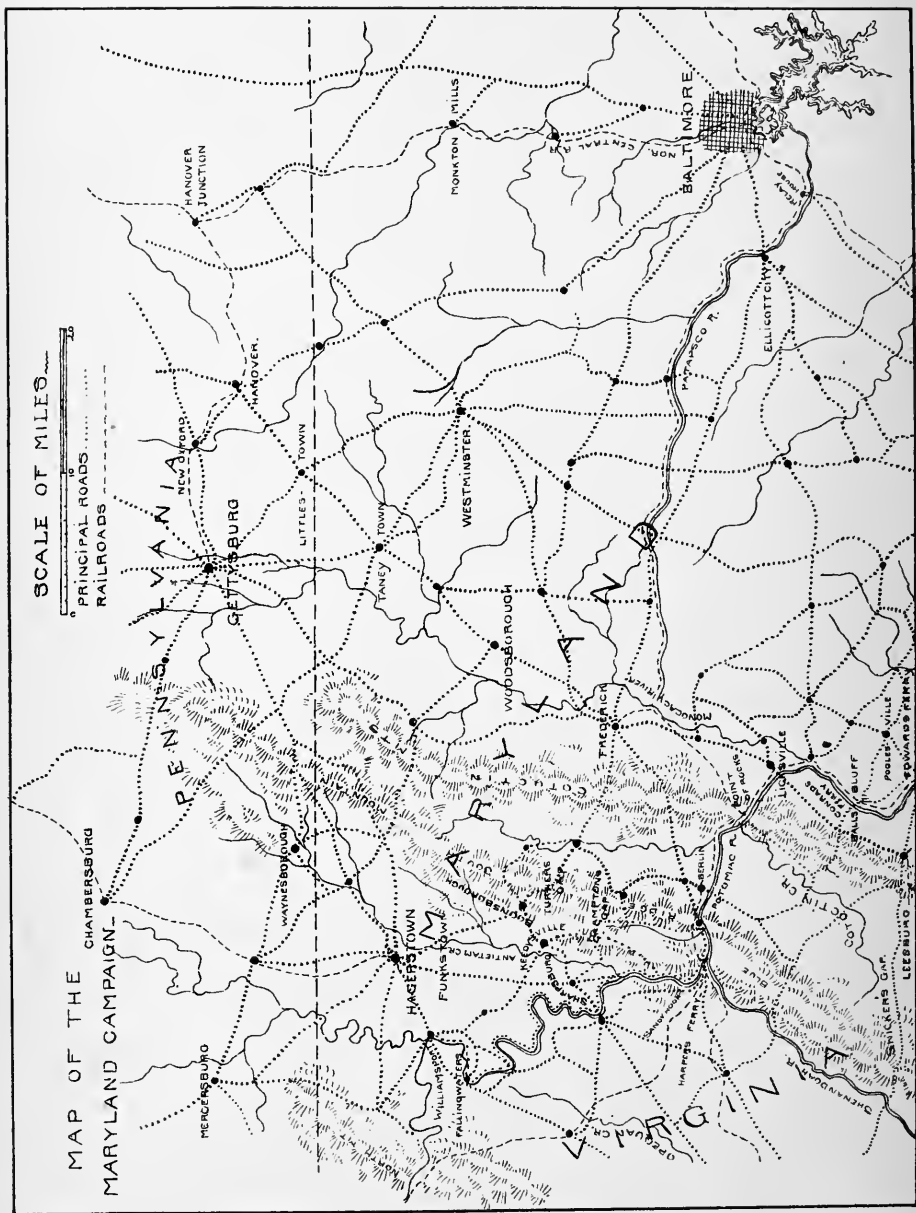
This regiment, on the 24th of June, received orders from Major-General J. G. Foster to report at Fortress Munroe, Va., and, with the exception of one hundred and eighty-three sick, on the afternoon of that day embarked on board the steamer *Thomas Collyer* and schooner *A. P. Howe*. Arriving at Fortress Monroe on the morning of the 27th, the commanding officer reported, per orders, to the senior officer, who directed the regiment to proceed to Cumberland, Va., on the Pamunkey river. It was all put aboard the *Collyer*, and proceeded thither. While *en route* it was ordered to White House, Va., where it arrived about midnight. Early on the morning of the 28th reported to General Dix, and received orders from him to proceed home (the term of service of the regiment having nearly expired), and arrived back at Fortress Monroe on the evening of the 28th.

While awaiting transportation from there, learning the critical condition of affairs in Pennsylvania and Maryland, Colonel Sprague authorized General Naglee to offer the services of the regiment for the emergency, and after telegraphing to Washington they were accepted and orders received from General Halleck to report to General Schenck at Baltimore, who was in command of the "middle department."

Arrived at Baltimore on the first of July, and immediately reported to General Schenck, who ordered the regiment into camp at Belger Barracks. Remained there until the sixth of July, the regiment in the meantime performing fatiguing duties and much hard marching. On one occasion it escorted some twenty-three hundred rebel prisoners (who were taken at Gettysburg) from the depot to Fort McHenry.

On the fourth of July it received the honor of being detailed to search the houses of citizens of Baltimore for arms, in conjunction with the city police; and although being a disagreeable as well as delicate duty to perform, it was creditably done, and thousands of arms of various kinds were seized and taken to the office of the City Marshal.







On the night of the fifth of July orders were received to march the next morning at six o'clock, in light marching order (each man furnished with three days' rations and sixty rounds of ammunition), to report at the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad depot to Brigadier-General Briggs, and regiment arrived at said station at said hour. Proceeded as far as Monocacy Junction, where it remained until the next morning.

On the 7th arrived at Sandy Hook, Md., whence the rebels were driven the night before. Received orders there assigning the regiment to a brigade under command of Brigadier-General Briggs, and about nine in the evening were ordered to proceed to Maryland Heights. The weather was very rainy, the night dark. The Eighth, Forty-sixth and Fifty-first Massachusetts regiments, with a Pennsylvania battery, all under the command of Colonel Sprague of the Fifty-first, commenced the ascent.

After hours of delay and weary marching, the column arrived at Fort Duncan, on the Heights, about four o'clock the next morning. The regiment remained on the Heights, doing picket duty out on the Potomac river, also on the Sharpsburg road, until the 12th of July, when it was ordered to procure three days' rations and proceed to Boonsboro, Md., to join the Army of the Potomac, which was in that vicinity endeavoring to interrupt the retreat of the army of the rebel General Lee.

The brigade of General Briggs, consisting of the Thirty-ninth, Eighth, Forty-sixth and Fifty-first Massachusetts regiments, arrived at Funkstown, Md., in front of the enemy, about three o'clock in the afternoon of the thirteenth, having marched a distance of thirty miles. Surcharged with malaria, contracted in the swamps of North Carolina, without camp-equipage, kettles, or a change of clothing, in wet weather, the men were poorly prepared to endure the fatigue, and large numbers became sick and were sent back to Baltimore from Sandy Hook and Maryland Heights, and when it arrived at the front the regiment had an aggregate of two hundred and seventy-five men. The brigade was immediately assigned to the Second Division, First Corps of the Army of the Potomac, and second line of battle.

July 14th (the day that Lee's army was reported as crossing the Potomac), the brigade was ordered to march with the main body, and proceeded to Williamsport, Md., where it was evident that the rebels had effected a crossing. It encamped (the brigade) there that night, and on the 15th marched back through Funkstown and in the direction of Berlin, where a pontoon had been thrown for the passage of our troops into Virginia. The enemy having disappeared from our front,

recrossed the Potomac in full retreat, the regiment received orders from Corps Headquarters on the 16th to proceed to Berlin, where transportation would be furnished to Baltimore; also orders to return to Massachusetts to be mustered out of the service of the United States. The regiment started from Baltimore on the 19th of July, and arrived at Worcester, Mass., on the 21st.

A furlough was granted to the men until the 27th, when they were mustered out of the United States service by Captain Lawrence, Fourth Infantry, U. S. A. The sick who were left behind at New Berne, N. C., under charge of Assistant-Surgeon Garvin, arrived at Boston and were mustered out with the rest at Worcester, Mass.

A. B. R. SPRAGUE.

June 24. We left New Berne to-day about 7 o'clock, Companies C, F, H, and K on board the schooner *A. P. Howe* towed by the steamer *Thomas Collyer* on which were the rest of the regiment. Arrived at Fortress Monroe June 27th at half-past one in the morning. After lying there till about eleven we moved all the baggage except what was absolutely necessary to live with, on board a boat to be left at Fortress Monroe and we all got on the *Collyer* and started off, it is said, up the York River bound for Cumberland. We are now lying at a wharf at Yorktown.

Sunday, June 27. We are now at White House, and it is a cloudy, misty morning. There are eight or ten small steamers here, and camps all around on the shore. The main body of the army is said to have moved yesterday.

June 28. We have been ordered back to Fortress Monroe and from there to proceed home, unless General Foster was there, if so to report to him. We started down the river between eight and nine and had a very pleasant sail; arrived at Fortress Monroe at sundown and lay there all night.

June 30. Orders came this morning for one-half the regiment to remove to the steamer *George Washington* and proceed to Baltimore. The left wing went on the *George Washington*. Arrived in Baltimore early in the morning and after waiting till about four o'clock had orders to disembark and proceed to Belger Barracks, a very fine place about three miles from the wharf.

July 2. This morning the regiment was ordered to report at headquarters and we were set to searching the houses and stores for fire-arms, &c. From three to five men went with a policeman, who pointed out the place and we went in and searched the premises. I was with

two men as one squad, and we worked very hard from the time we got at it till quite dark and found six guns and three pistols and some powder. Arrived at the barracks at twelve o'clock, very tired.

Sunday, July 5. We were ordered to report with six companies at headquarters down town to guard a number of prisoners that had been sent from the battle-field of Gettysburg. About fourteen hundred had left before we got there and we were sent back and ordered to hold ourselves in readiness between four and six. We left again about half-past six and went to the railroad and waited till after eight when some twenty-five hundred prisoners arrived. After getting them off of the cars we marched them to Fort McHenry, some seven miles. We got back about two o'clock in the morning. It rained quite hard and we were very wet.

J. O. BEMIS.

BELGER BARRACKS,  
BALTIMORE, MD., July 2, 1863.

I wrote you on the the 24th and in the afternoon we started for the boats, the steamer *Thomas Collyer* and schooner *Aurelia P. Howe*. The first six companies went aboard the steamer, so it was our lot to have the schooner. After much delay we started about sundown down the river. It was not very pleasant for it rained, and there were no houses on the banks to make the scenery interesting. When we came to the mouth of the river we cast anchor and waited until morning when we again started. We arrived at Hatteras Inlet about eleven A. M., where we remained until next morning when we crossed the bar and entered the old ocean.

We reached Fortress Monroe about one o'clock next morning, where we remained until nearly noon, when we all got aboard the steamer and started up the York river to report to General Dix at White House. We arrived in the night, after having a very pleasant passage. In the morning, after considerable delay, we were again ordered to report back at Fortress Monroe, as our time was nearly out and the advance on Richmond would probably not commence for a week or more. This place is within twenty miles of Richmond, and I should think had, in and around, about twenty-five thousand troops. We reached the fortress again the next night and there remained two nights and one day. The 30th, about ten o'clock A. M., after putting the left flank on the steamer *George Washington*, we were ordered to Baltimore to report to General Schenck. We arrived off the harbor about two

o'clock yesterday morning and there waited until daylight for the *Collyer* when we both came in together. We lay at the wharves until about five o'clock, when we landed and marched to our present camp about three miles. We are west of the city in good barracks, splendid grounds with shade trees in abundance, and everything better than we have seen for the last seven months. Night before last there was an alarm here and some ten thousand citizens turned out to protect their city. The streets are barricaded so the inhabitants can more effectually resist an attack.

July 3. My letter was suddenly brought to a halt yesterday by an order to fall in with guns and equipments. The regiment marched down street to the police station where we left our guns and cartridge-boxes. We were then divided into squads of four under charge of a policeman and started for all parts of the city. We were ordered to enter every house designated by the policeman and search for firearms and any kind of weapons. The first house that I entered was owned by the richest man in Baltimore, Ross Winans, the inventor of the steam cannon and cigar-boat. It was decidedly the most splendid house and handsomely furnished I ever saw. They treated us well, showing us around very politely. We found no arms there. We were some three hours in going over the buildings. The rest of our task was on West Lombard street. We went from cellar to attic, examining every nook and corner. I do not know how many houses we went in. We took three guns and a sabre. Several rows occurred, but do not know whether anyone was injured. The regiment marched back to camp at nine o'clock and Company C was detailed to bring up the rear and pick up stragglers. We got to the barracks at twelve o'clock at night.

L. L. HICKS.

NEW BERNE, N. C., June 23, 1863.

For to-day there is not much to record, except that this evening the report has come that we are to start for Fortress Monroe to-morrow, which report we did not credit for a moment at first, but at last were obliged to although it does not seem possible to get ready, especially as we are to escort the Forty-fifth to the cars in the morning, then have an inspection and to be ready to start at two P. M. Fortunately for Miller and myself I sent home a box to-day with some of our extra articles in it. I packed the box as he was at Morehead with a party setting telegraph poles. They went this A. M. with three days' rations, but returned unexpectedly this afternoon, fortunate for them.

June 24. We have gone entirely through the programme which I spoke of last evening, and quite easily too, and now are going down the Neuse towards Hatteras Inlet, on board the schooner *Aurelia P. Howe*,—that is, Companies C, F, H, and K,—the others are on board the steamer *Thomas Collyer*, which is towing us. I said we are going towards the inlet. We shall as soon as we leave the river. I hope we may have good weather, for the *Collyer* is only a river boat. We had a little shower just after going on board and it is not giving us the promise of a fair day to-morrow. The schooner is a seaworthy boat, but not designed for a transport and has no bunks,] so we shall all be on a level.

June 25. I found on rising this morning from my bed on deck where a gently falling rain kept me moist and cool, which was much better than the heat of the hold, that the boats had anchored on reaching the sound, I suppose to wait for daylight. We soon started, and as it was rather stormy all the morning anchor was cast at Hatteras Inlet, and we remained in this condition all the rest of the day; the storm was an easterly one, but still not severe enough to hinder a good ocean boat from venturing out alope. Nothing of interest occurred; except the drowning of a dog; he kept swimming around the boat till he was exhausted; he might have reached the shore very easily if he had gone in the right direction.

June 26. We have now entered on the tenth month of our military service. I slept nicely on deck; about midnight it was pleasant and after that the wind blew quite hard, so that I thought we should not move during the day, but before sunrise we started, as the wind had changed and the prospect was better for the day. Miller and a few others have been sea-sick. I bought a good breakfast this morning for thirty cents. We have been running along all day in plain sight of the sandy coast of North Carolina; occasionally the prospect is diversified by the sight of a sand hill or a belt of forest. We had heavy showers along Cape Hatteras, but escaped the gales. We had a quiet day; about noon the sun came out, drying the deck and our wet clothing. Some good bluefish were caught during the afternoon. We saw Nag's Head where the family of the traitorous ex-Governor Wise, of Virginia, formerly spent the watering season.

June 27. When it was time to retire last evening I made my bed on the bows and was driven from there about one this morning, when the anchor was cast on arriving at Hampton Roads. About ten A. M. the Forty-third came up and soon after the report came that we were

to go to Cumberland on the Pamunkey river ; just before that Colonel Sprague returned from the fort. Now all is bustle in preparing for a start.

G. E. DUNLAP.

ON BOARD STEAMER *THOMAS COLLYER*,  
June 27, 1863.

I sent you a letter this noon stating that we were busy preparing to start for Cumberland, as reported, on the Pamunkey, which with the Mattaponi forms the York. We were soon ready and started about noon. Those who were unable to go, and some who thought themselves so, were left behind. Dennis has got left somewhere. I slept nearly two hours after leaving the Fortress, waking when we stopped at the famous Yorktown at the mouth of the York. After a short delay we passed on up the York, which is a magnificent river, far surpassing my ideas of it, with nice green banks rising to quite a respectable height; this rolling surface covered with trees and verdure of a luxuriant growth, seemed to us more delightful from the contrast to our winter home and a partial resemblance to our northern homes. We saw many pleasant residences along the shore. We are all on board the *Collyer*, and as we have been out several days her larder is quite reduced, so much so that the number of breakfast tickets for to-morrow morning is so limited as hardly to accommodate the officers. When they will sell them we can get dinner for seventy-five cents and the other meals at fifty cents and eat after the officers have finished. There is no opportunity for our cooks to prepare any meals or do anything for us, so that our rations and appetite do not bear the right proportion to each other, though if we choose to eat wormy hard bread we need not be stinted. But as all things have an end this must too and we'll enjoy the change.

June 28. I told you yesterday we should have a change and we have now sooner than we expected. This morning we found ourselves at White House, the head of navigation on the Pamunkey, where a large force is collecting. A railroad runs through that place to Richmond, about twenty miles. As soon as possible our boat moved up to the wharf where we remained a little while and I improved the time to step on the "sacred soil of Virginia." The boat moved away in a short time, as I then supposed to allow another boat to unload before us, but after a brief delay we moved down the stream and then I learned that the Colonel had reported to General Dix who ordered him

to proceed to Baltimore with the Fifty-first, unless he should find Foster at Monroe. You can imagine that an unavoidable but agreeable change came over the "spirit of our dreams," and so we ran down the river reaching the Fortress about dark. The Colonel went on shore at once but the result of his efforts I do not know. I purchased a ticket for supper, but could not use it, as provisions are so scarce. I should like to go on shore, but the prospect is doubtful and aggravating.

June 29. This day has been rather impatiently passed by us all, for remaining all day at anchor with no prospect of starting for home and hearing all the while contradictory reports about it is not very agreeable. The Colonel has been off almost all day. These delays in military life are not pleasant. My ticket procured me a good but not a very sumptuous breakfast. Our boats brought us some soft bread and some smoked pork, and some condensed coffee, besides all these articles an old negro has sold us about two barrels of ginger cakes: It was a hard matter to get them. You will readily understand that with so many on board we can not all have state-rooms. We found that Dennis had been ordered to join the regiment and had gone up to White House on a boat which had run aground and so he missed us. We had quite a laugh at his expense.

On board the steamer *George Washington*. June 30. At last we are on our way, the left wing of the regiment having been transferred to this boat early this forenoon and starting about ten o'clock. We are nicely accommodated now and are having a splendid sail up the Chesapeake. Five companies with the sick, Longley included, and our Colonel and Lieutenant-Colonel will follow on the *Collyer* as soon as she has coaled. As we started we met the boat which was bringing Dennis, the boys saw him and cheered him lustily. I should laugh if he did not get home with the regiment. Seven months to-night since we landed at Morehead.

July 1. This morning we found ourselves at anchor about ten miles below the city, at which place we arrived about three o'clock A. M. I suppose we waited for the *Collyer*. We hear daily exciting news in regard to the movements of the rebels, but hardly give them perfect credence. If we are not ordered to stop and assist at Baltimore or vicinity we shall reach home by the Fourth. Foster ordered us to report to General Schenck at Baltimore. The general opinion is that we shall be allowed to proceed as soon as transportation can be obtained. At Fortress Monroe three opportunities were given to us of going to Baltimore, but the orders to this effect were countermanded

before we could be removed from the boat; however, he was assured that he should have the first transportation that was to be obtained. As soon as the *Collyer* came up we started for Baltimore, which we reached at about eight o'clock. The Colonel went on shore and after various reports and putting our equipments on three times we went on shore about half-past five P. M., having spent an entire week on the water. It was pleasant to be on shore again, though our march out to Belger Barracks, two miles or more from the city, or rather the landing, was wearisome and the weather was intolerably warm. The knapsacks were quite heavy. Our location repays the trouble of the march out, for it is beautiful, being on a hill in Druid Hill Grove just on the edge of the city. The barracks are the nicest, on the whole, that we have had, being a main building with two wings. They are nicely whitewashed and ventilated, with trees in the enclosure and all around us. The water is good; everything convenient. The regiment repeatedly cheered the flag and the young ladies who waved it to us as we came up.

G. E. DUNLAP.

BALTIMORE, July 2, 1863.

I never supposed that anything in Mother Goose would apply to me, but one thing does and to the whole regiment also. For to-day I have been "upstairs, down stairs, and in the lady's chamber," with an emphasis. Soon after breakfast the order came to "fall in," which we did without the slightest idea of what it was for and marched into the city where the regiment was divided into squads of four mostly, sometimes three, and put in charge of a policeman, who took us about and directed us as to what houses we should search for the purpose of taking possession of all firearms which we might find. It was a very unpleasant duty, but we discharged it to the best of our ability, and considering the nature of it we had a very pleasant but most decidedly hard time. A large number of things were taken but I found nothing very suspicious. The people submitted to it gracefully and more pleasantly than I should suppose possible. We endeavored to make it as pleasant as possible for them, at the same time obliging them to admit us to every nook and corner of their premises. It makes me think of home and that I should dislike to have men going about your apartments and examining everything as I did. Unpleasant for the ladies. I went into some nice places. It was midnight when we reached the barracks. We stopped for supper which detained us an hour probably.

G. E. DUNLAP.



## SANDY HOOK, July 5, 1863.

Called in the morning to escort rebel prisoners—returned without seeing them. Started at six P. M. for the same purpose and escorted 2,500 to Fort McHenry. Reached the barracks about two A. M.

July 6. Called at five A. M. to start at once, with one day's rations, on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. Spent the day in going within about three miles of Frederick. Slept on the train on the road to Harper's Ferry. After much delay we started for Harper's Ferry, arriving within a mile of that place at half-past five P. M., leaving the cars at Sandy Hook, where we remained till half-past nine P. M., when we left in the storm for the Heights. In this we were much delayed by the artillery which preceded us, so that the three or four miles were not accomplished till nearly three A. M. The last part of the distance was attended by a heavy rain which continued with little interruption till the middle of the forenoon. It was a difficult and somewhat dangerous march until we turned off into the mountains. We marched beside the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal into which Corporal McClellan, one of the best men of Company E, fell and was instantly drowned. This place is about eighty miles from Baltimore, and the ride one of the most splendid I have ever taken, especially after reaching the Potomac. I rode for a part of the time on the outside of the car, thus obtaining an extended view. Our progress was slow as we made many stops. Did almost nothing till three P. M. when we went out and were posted as picket, Company C being one of those which were favored this time, for we went but a short distance from camp and with Company H were held as a reserve, in case of an approach of the enemy, to support our pickets if driven in. The weather was fine, our place for sleeping good, and we were near a place where we could buy short-cake and milk and could pick plenty of berries, so that we fared well. Of course we could not sleep in the tent which we pitched this morning. The day passed quietly and also the night, so far as I know much about it, six men being on guard and the rest retiring about dark. We had no alarm during the night and nothing to do during the forenoon but eat, sleep and gather berries. About noon we heard some discharge of musketry and put all our things in readiness for an immediate move, if necessary, but nothing of the kind was needed, and about five P. M. we joined the regiment on its way back to camp. I understand our cavalry, of which 5,000 or more are scouring the country, had a brush with the rebels. We heard cannonading yesterday to some extent. We went to our camp and soon started for Sandy

Hook, especially to go into Virginia; had a fine view of Harper's Ferry. Now they say we are going back towards Sharpsburg. Are to take a day's rations, but do not know our destination yet.

G. E. DUNLAP.

SANDY HOOK, July 10, 1863.

We spent most of the forenoon at Sandy Hook receiving orders. About 11 o'clock returned to our camp on Maryland Heights. It was very warm marching up in the middle of the day. It is about two miles instead of four to the Heights. It does not seem as far in the day-time, and when we can march right along, as it did in coming up night before last or rather the night of the 7th.

July 11th. The three days' rations which we brought from Sandy Hook yesterday are to last till Monday morning. I should have stated that the colonel made us a speech last evening, telling us what he had done and what he hoped of us, also what he hoped for the regiment. It was a nice speech, and made a good impression. At 10 A. M. ten men and myself were detailed from Company C, with an equal number from each of the other companies, to police the grounds; this occupied us till noon, and then in the afternoon we moved tents to the company street and made ourselves as comfortable as possible. At 5 P. M. the right wing of the regiment was sent out on picket. The rest of the day was spent by me in improving the looks and condition of my gun. Our tent is quite nice and comfortable. I use a government haversack, being larger and more convenient, thereby sparing the condition of mine. No orders to-day, and we are "all quiet on the Potomac." Inspection at 9 A. M. My gun is in good order, considering what it has been through. About the middle of the forenoon it was reported that the left wing was to relieve the right, and soon after we were ordered to go to Sandy Hook and bring up three days' rations by hand. We went, and while there heard that we had received marching orders. On arriving at camp found that the right wing had come in, and that we were ordered to report at Boonesboro at 7 A. M. to-morrow; this promised a march in the dark a distance of twelve or fourteen miles. We started from camp about sundown and marched out to the camp of the Thirty-fourth Massachusetts, which came in last night, and there remained till after nine waiting for the right wing, five companies, to take rations; then we started on what you may imagine was not an easy march. The surgeon excused all who went to him before starting, whether sick or not.

July 13. On reporting this morning at Boonesboro, we were ordered to proceed at once to Hagerstown, nine or ten miles farther on. We started, and here we are, having arrived at about 3 P. M. This is the hardest march we have had, with only few chances for resting and eating. We were pretty sure to sleep when resting. We belong now to the First Corps of the Army of the Potomac. I wish you could see with my eyes these surroundings of war. I have seen more since leaving New Berne than in all the rest of my experience in the South. I have just been after some wheat-straw which I cut in a large wheat-field for my bed. The owner probably did not expect so many laborers in his harvest-time, as he can see there all the time now, when he sowed the field. Only a little skirmishing to-day. It rained about half the forenoon.

14th. We passed the night quietly, with but a slight fall of rain. We were ordered to fall in about seven o'clock, but did not move. We are all ready for a start. It is almost noon. Colonel Sprague has been over near where the rebels were last night.

G. E. DUNLAP.

HAGERSTOWN, MD., July 14, 1863.

At one P. M. firing was heard in the direction of the Potomac and immediately thereafter the order was given to fall in, and in a short time we were marching toward the river. Our brigade was the reserve and we did not come near the place of the engagement, but we marched on nearly to Williamsport, though but little firing was heard after starting. We encamped in a nice field of clover, stopping in the midst of a thunder-shower. After supper we, that is Corporal McFarland and myself, arranged a nice bed with boards, straw and blankets. We retired just in season to escape a heavy shower. This morning the bugle was sounded early for us to rise, and the order was soon given to be ready to start in twenty minutes. As our time was now fully at an end the companies decided not to go any farther towards the Potomac and indicated the same to their respective captains, who immediately waited upon the Colonel informing him of the state of affairs; he told them probably no order would be given for us to go on, but if there should be he would advise them to proceed. Soon the army began to retrace the steps of yesterday and we fell into our proper place and spent the day marching with the brigade, one of the hardest day's marching in the service. We made few and short halts till after sunset. When we halted there was no one from Company C to stack arms.

It was reported that we were to go to Berlin, the nearest point at which we could reach the railroad, and that the army was to cross into Virginia at that point on a pontoon bridge. We kept on with the army as the Colonel had only received verbal orders for our return to Massachusetts and could not detach the regiment without written orders. Very glad were we to encamp for the night. This night passed without rain; rations for two days are given out. It is reported a lieutenant of the Thirty-ninth Massachusetts had died from fatigue, and also several men and horses were worn out and left behind. One cannot realize the feelings of those poor men who having endured to the last possible moment had lain down by the way to die. We started about sunrise, or rather within an hour after, and by easy marches went to within three miles of Berlin and encamped. Here we waited as patiently as possible for orders, but they did not come and we had to spend another night in the field. However, an apology was sent to the Colonel for neglecting us so long and directions for him to obtain transportation. The afternoon was chiefly spent in resting and sleeping. We had the happiness of being started alone for Berlin about noon, which we reached in due time and at three P. M. the appointed time found us in the cars. While waiting for the train, we saw the army crossing into Virginia. About half-past four we started, enjoying the luxury of a protection from the rain, which fell upon us for nearly twelve hours at our last encampment. We are in common freight-cars, which are quite comfortable with a nice carpet of straw. Having spent as comfortable a night as could be expected, we found ourselves in Baltimore about four A. M. After waiting an hour or two we obtained our breakfast at the Union Relief Association Rooms and then started for Belger Barracks, where we were cordially welcomed by those who were left behind.

The names of all those who went to the front have been secured, and it is reported that each one of them is to receive a badge this afternoon indicating to what part of the army he belonged. We are busy preparing to start for home, expecting now to leave to-morrow morning. Our Captain has caused a cheese and a barrel of butter-crackers to be purchased.

G. E. DUNLAP.

## THE DESERTED CAMP OF THE MASSACHUSETTS FIFTY-FIRST.

BY HENRY S. WASHBURN.

No sentinel paces his weary round,  
Silent and lone is their camping ground.  
No roll-call at sunset, no drum-beat at morn,  
No blast of the bugle, no peal of the horn.  
They came when the harvest-moon, mellow and mild,  
Looked down on the mother who blessed her child,  
And the hunter's moon witnessed her tears as they fell,  
When her soldier-boy whispered his last farewell.

I passed by the camp this brief, dark day,  
The snows of December upon it lay.  
The murky skies, like a leaden pall,  
Settled down drearily over all;  
A silence oppressive pervaded the air,  
And I tarried only a moment there—  
Only a moment—for the joy and the light  
Of our homes and our altars have passed from our sight.

Our noble boys of our brave Fifty-first,  
Whom our hearts have cherished and hands have nursed,  
Him of the quick eye and fine manly brow;  
Tell us, O south wind, where are they now?

And the south wind answers, and this its reply—  
“They are bearing the stars and stripes proudly on high.  
Under the pines they are marching to-day,  
Farther away—and still farther away!”

FATHER, all merciful, mighty and just,  
Tenderly shelter our Fifty-first;  
Nerve them for conflict with valor and might,  
While they're defending the TRUTH and the RIGHT;  
Evermore shield them by night and by day,  
While marching away, *and still farther away!*

Worcester, Dec. 22, 1862.

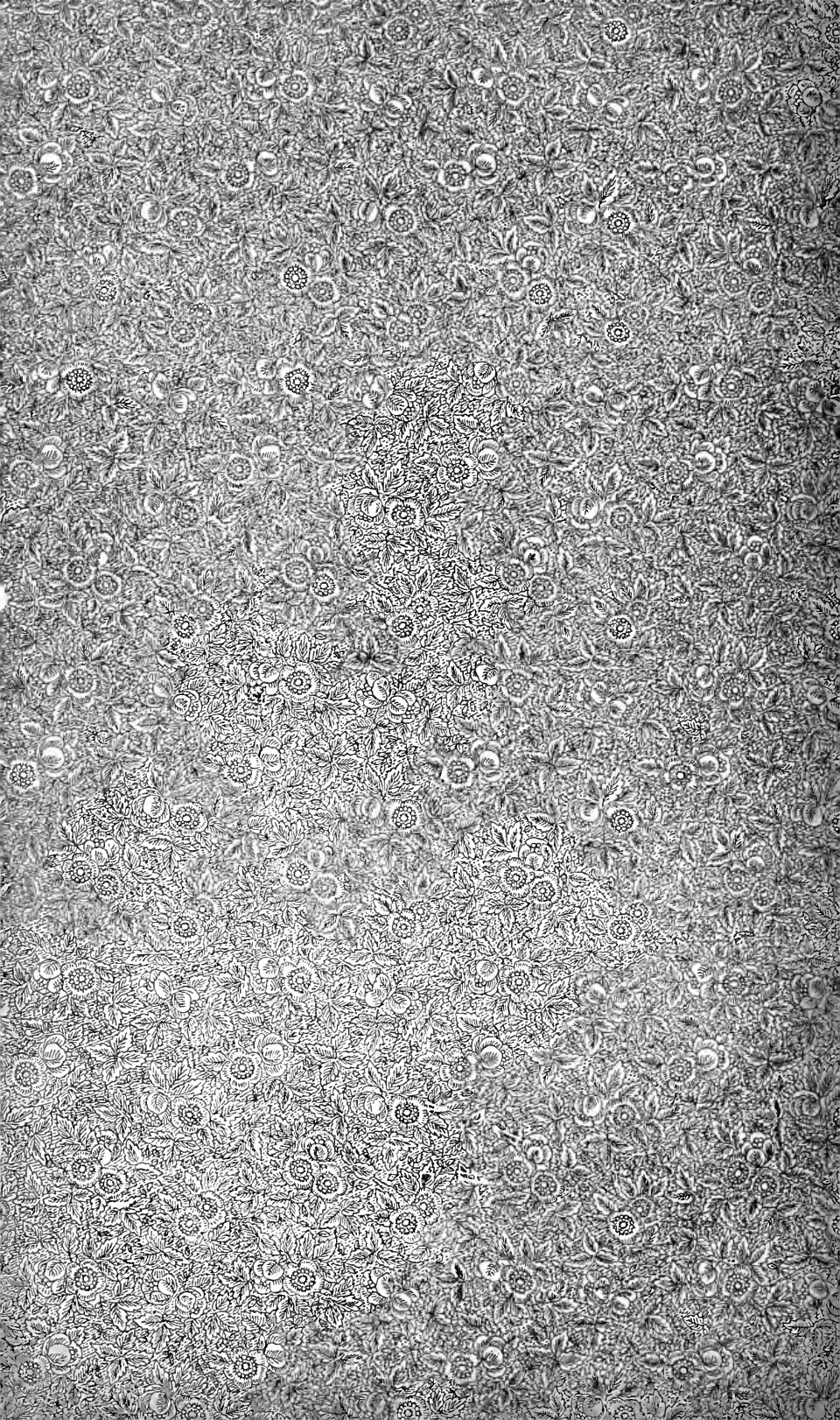


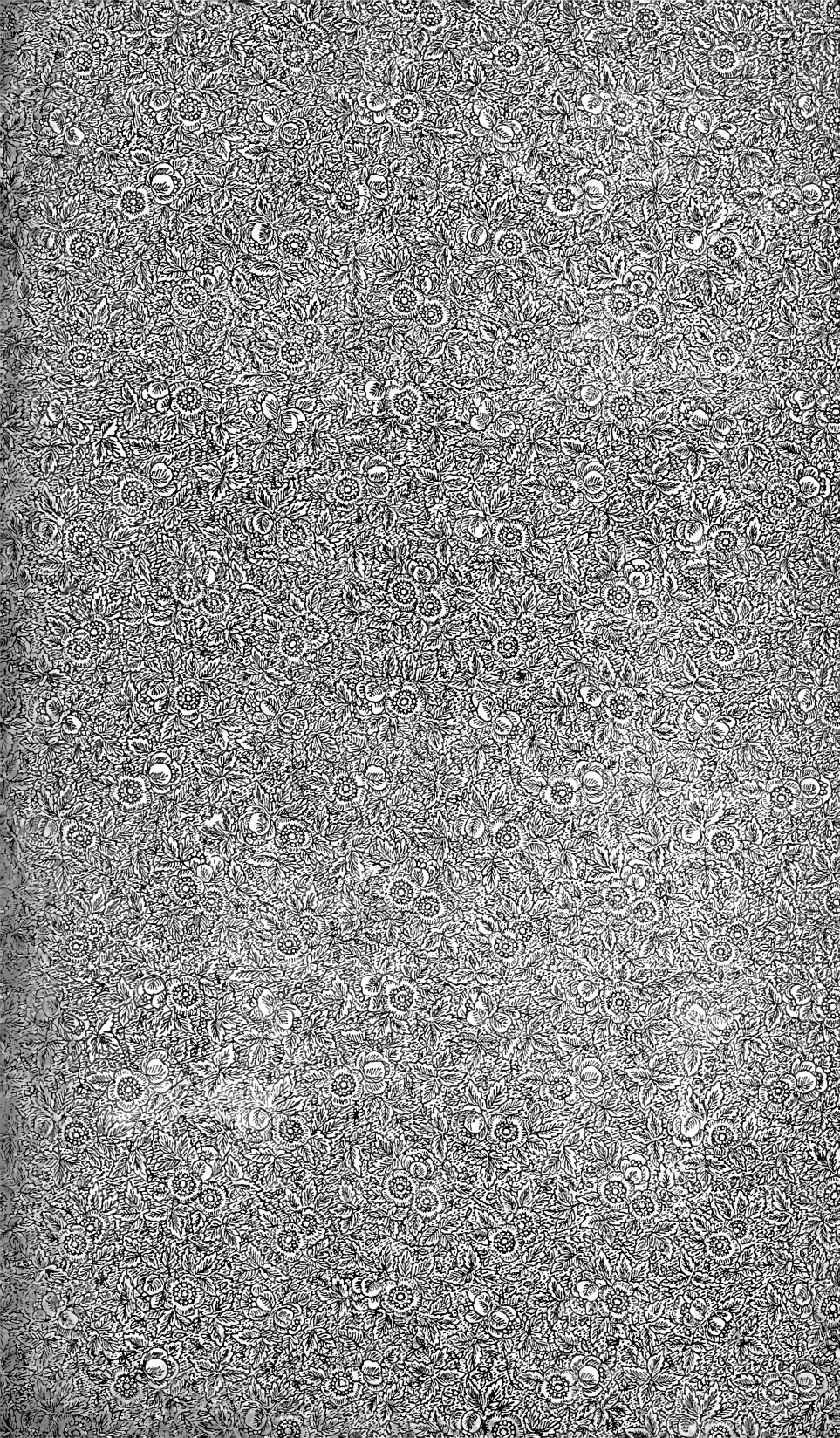




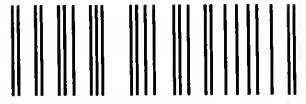








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